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The Whole Truth, by T. Swann Harding, on page 570

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Soliloquy on Madness

AS one looks back over 1928, the world, as usual, seems to have been more mad than sane—madder, as a whole, than in, say, 1914-1918, for that was an era of real insanity, while our madness is just a focussed reflection of the irrationality that smokes somewhere in every brain. They are preserving the leading newspapers and magazines of 1928 with a paraffin glaze so that scholars of 2028 will be able to tell what we were like. A flattering endeavor, but a little mad. They will get the news and the opinions, but we were not really like that. There is a discrepancy between the solemn assumptions of the press and the facts. One reads that the Americans thought this and the British that and the Chinese something else again. Or that New York is rich and Vienna poor; or that the French mind is so and so and the German quite different.

Not false, of course, but misleading. These racial distinctions are not the vital ones. The great resemblances are human instincts and human ideals that sweep round the equator and north and south of it. The great differences are within nations. The spiritual brother of the Kentucky mountaineer is in Albania; yours perhaps is a Chinese nationalist or a German stockbroker. Nine-tenths of ethnology and social description is mingled with illusion. We are individual units intensely conditioned by our humanity, and only superficially differentiated by immediate circumstance. It is only language, table manners, and sets of second-rate ideas that make the barbarian in New York a stranger to the barbarian in Mongolia, or savages in the slums or the back country unaware of their kinship to anthropological savages.

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We are so essentially gregarious that we exaggerate every tie with circumstance. The actual differences in a mingled group in a railroad car are immense, almost immeasurable. The individuals think about the same things because they happen to be living in the same stream of consciousness, they share, of course, the same instincts, but in the grips they take upon life they might almost be different species. In taste, in temperament, in what they read, in what they want, in the types of humanity morally considered, they differ more than the Roman and the Eskimo in manners and knowledge. We are bound together in our societies only by our habits, and our sole intellectual unity exists in an apparatus of facts and opinion largely alien to ourselves. Education, the press, books, preachers, parents, say, Think this and that because it is true. What really is true is that most truth is true for us only because we accept it. Wipe out books and memory by some cataclysmic miracle and start civilized man again with his tools, his engines, his utilities, but no remembered knowledge or opinion, and what would his trained mind do? An interesting, if impossible, controlled experiment. How quickly societies and nations would fall apart. Like would seek like, but they would not be the same likes as now. Families would instantly split beyond the most fortunate of intimate circles. Character, temperament, and desire would be the only cements of a new association. With the dropping away of the fabric of accepted opinion and accredited knowledge in which we do all our thinking, our minds, naked of intellectual clothing, yet still minds, with the faculty of logic, and the forms of imagination, would instantly begin to weave a new texture. They would not stay naked long.

Better or worse? The question is whether we should be better off if we sought our own moral affinities without the drag-back of civilization which is now so often a compulsion by print, by things read and accepted. The question, at least, is not fanciful. Too much reading, too many books and newspapers, may, it is conceivable, be worse than none at all. Much depends upon human nature. If it is as futile and foolish and incoherent as a good many just now are professing to believe, this great expansion of accepted opinion by the machine-made extensions of culture is going to make a poor thing worse,—it is mass production of emptiness.

(*Continued on page* 568)

Ineradicable Plant

By VIRGINIA MOORE

"ROOT it out," they say,
"Branch, bole, and seed;
Treat growing love
As if it were a weed.

"Tear it with your two hands
And cast it forth to die.
Why should you love this man—
Why?"

Advisors, well-wishers, and friends,
You that despoil:
These are spirit roots
In spirit soil.

This Week

"Goethe: The History of a Man."
Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM.

"The Reign of the House of Rothschild."
Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON.

"Montrose."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"Old Ireland."
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.

"Raiders of the Deep."
Reviewed by JOHN CARTER.

"Stride of Man."
Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO.

Composing Room.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

John Bunyan.
By ARTHUR COLTON.

First of the Moderns*

By MARY M. COLUM

OSCAR WILDE, who at times was one of the most illuminating of critics, had a few words to say about biographers that are even more pertinent in our day than in his. "Every great man has his disciples, but it is always Judas who writes the biography. Cheap editions of great books are delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable." It can certainly be said of Ludwig's "Life of Goethe" that it is no cheap edition of a great man; Ludwig is no Judas intent on betraying a great man of genius by trying to turn him into a creature of common clay, no Philistine, somehow bent on insinuating his own complexes, his own defects, or his own vices, into his hero, for the satisfaction of fellow-Philistines. "The great men have their great air," said Thackeray, who had the great air himself and knew what it was. Certainly Ludwig leaves Goethe his great air; when he has done with him Goethe is great in heart, and mind, and achievement, though, to be sure, the mind and achievement elude Herr Ludwig in a way they did not elude that far greater biographer of Goethe, George Henry Lewes. For Lewes not only knew his material better, but was a fine literary critic, whereas Ludwig is that sort of indifferent literary critic who generally, though not always, knows the obviously good, but who can be taken in by the mediocre if it expresses some creditable emotion, or some popularly recognized moral sentiment, and is completely baffled when subtle perceptions or intuitions are required. Now George Henry Lewes's has remained after all these years one of the classics of biography: in fact, as the life of a great writer, it has yet to be surpassed in this age of biography. In spite of the fact that Lewes, like a great many English and American writers, theoretically conceived criticism as a sort of branch of pedagogy—a conception still very common—there is hardly a dull line in his book, whereas Ludwig, even in this abridged English translation, is often tedious and longwinded. A certain amount of this tediousness is due to the quality of some of the poetry he quotes, and to the astoundingly bad translations of it appended. Outside the poetry the translation of the biography itself appears to be excellent.

* * *

Now it happens that not all the work of Goethe was great: he was the first very great writer in a civilization that spiritually and intellectually was incompletely developed, in a culture that just previous to him and Lessing and Herder had tried to make itself into an imitation of the French. Great as Goethe was, both his inheritance and his environment sometimes got the upper hand of his genius, and he indulged himself in that vice of cultures that have not yet come into their own—uplift—and that excess of *Gemütlichkeit* which is the German accompaniment of provincialism and Babbitry. Goethe, to be sure, was so great a poet that these lapses of his make no great inroads on our consciousness, but unfortunately it happens that Herr Ludwig delights particularly in that sort of poetry of Goethe's which represents a cross between the worst verse of Emerson's and the writings of the late Dr. Frank Crane. When certain indifferent poems of Goethe's are first of all quoted very seriously by Ludwig, and then turned into the following sort of verse by the translator, Ethel Colburn Mayne,

* GOETHE: the History of a Man. By EMIL LUDWIG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.

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A God who in external force consisteth,
One who the All around his finger twisteth!
Nay—he is blent with every cosmic motion,
Nature and He so fused in deep devotion
That all which lives and moves and is in him,
His energy, his mind, fill to the brim

our nerves are not only excruciated, but we get a dismal feeling that neither the author nor the translator of the book really know anything about poetry. Then when we find her turning those couple of lines in which Goethe expresses a momentary disgust with the German language—

Deutsch zu schreiben. Und so verderb' ich unglücklicher Dichter
In dem schlechtesten Stoff leider nun Leben und Kunst

into—

German author—and so, ill-fated, as poet I squander
Life and art in the worst medium that language has known

we are constrained to ask if there is any reason why, instead of this confused jumble, she did not translate the lines literally, and for what reason did she add the words "that language has known," which are not in the original lines and which actually confuse the rendering. Why should she not indeed have turned all the verse into presentable literal prose instead of into a sort of fake poetry? In extenuation of any translator of Goethe it has to be said that he is one of the most untranslatable of all great poets, that the very kinship of the German language with the English adds to the difficulty, for the words that seem exactly to correspond to the German are those which in English too frequently have "lost their soul," to use an expression of Tagore's. It is fatally easy to turn Goethe into that very sort of language in which certain of the more popular sublimities are expounded in the daily papers by transcendental columnists. What would we not give for even a partly adequate translation of "Faust"? But, after listening to the Theatre Guild's version, one wonders if that masterpiece is not destined to remain forever a closed book to those who do not know German. And it seems forever impossible to render into English those simple, magical poems of Goethe's like "An den Mond," or "Heidenröslein," or "Meine Ruh ist Hin," or "Wie Herrlich Leuchtet Mir die Natur," in which he took the rugged, powerful German language and tuned it so that it became an instrument for expressing the most subtle ecstasy, the most airy emotion. When we look for the translation of this last poem, which happens to be quoted by Ludwig, we find the lines, *O Erd', O Sonne, O Glück, O Lust,* translated into "O Earth, O Sunlight, O Bliss, O Zest," and one vainly tries to comprehend what twist of the mind could make a woman, who is a distinguished *littérateur,* who must have read some of the greatest poetry in the world, translate *Lust* by zest, even if the dictionary does give "zest" as one of the translations of the word. Is it merely that a sense of words, a delight in words, is the most mysterious of all literary gifts?

* * *

But if we distrust Ludwig and his translator as interpreters of Goethe's poetry, we must admit at the same time that the book is to some extent what Ludwig claims for it; it is within measurable distance of being "the history of a man," for Ludwig is a high-class journalist with a strong scent for the human interest in every man's story. That it falls short of being what he claims for it is due mainly to two or three causes—he has a defective literary sense, an inadequate experience of literature, and his knowledge of his subject is not real enough—it is at bottom merely a journalist's knowledge, and does not partake of that intensity which is the hallmark of real knowledge. We get the impression that he employed a corps of stenographers and researchers to unearth for him all the information about Goethe that could be acquired, then flung himself on the material thus assembled, worked himself up about it, sometimes rather hysterically, and attached to each incident of Goethe's life some suitable quotation from his verse that might illustrate it. We have the feeling that with more pains, a profounder sense of psychology that would have toned down his overestimation of every silly love-affair, with a little less of the highfalutin, a little more critical use of his conscious mind, this book of Ludwig's might have had the unique merit among contemporary biographies of being a convincing history of the external influences that went to the making of a great writer.

He missed a unique opportunity, for there exists more information about Goethe's life than that of any other writer of the first rank. Every calf-love affair of his has been chronicled, and its effect on his soul solemnly investigated and pondered over. A perfectly astounding number of his letters are extant; there has been handed down both written and oral opinions of him by very many of the great men of his time; practically all of his performances as Minister to the Duke of Weimar, including the detail of his efficient action in putting out a fire, are known. Then Goethe has written a great deal about himself, he has left behind in "Wahrheit und Dichtung" what is perhaps the nearest thing to an autobiography that a poet has produced; he has written about himself also more or less directly in "Wilhelm Meister" and in "Werther." There is, indeed, marvellous material for revealing what sort of influences in life and literature, what sort of relationships, made this man, who was the greatest German writer and one of the great—I believe, indeed, the greatest—influence in modern literature.

Goethe was one of those rare people who had the good fortune to live the ideal life for a writer. If one were to invent some idealistic conception of all the elements of life and experience that would naturally develop a man into a great writer, it would be hard to improve on those experiences and those elements that went to make up Goethe's life. To begin with, he was fortunate in the sort of inheritance he received from his mother and the sort of education he received from his father, he was fortunate in all the people he met—very early he met Herder, that wonderful critic who knew even better than Lessing the path that German literature was destined to take; he showed Goethe, who as a young man had tried to Frenchify himself, that the foundations of German literature must be built on the soil of its folk-songs and inherited tales, and that the artificialized culture that well-meaning *savants* and admirers of foreign refinements had palmed off on Germany was being the ruin of its literature. Whether it is the fault of Herr Ludwig's stenographers and researchers, or whether it is all in the part left out in this translation, the author pays but the scantiest attention to the literary influences that went to make Goethe. What he has to say about them are the merest commonplaces that might be found better done in a dollar history of German literature.

* * *

Just before Goethe's time there had taken place in Germany the usual squabbles between critics that herald the dawn of a new literature, or a new movement in literature. There was Gottsched, a critic who represented a genteel version of classicism, hated English literature, and had a tremendous quarrel with Bodmer and Breitinger who, to some extent, represented Romanticism. There were many other critics, but great revealing criticism in Germany only came in with Lessing and Herder who, though men of very opposite tendencies, really worked on paths that led to the same goal—the creation of a genuine German literature. Lessing, in a way, is a sort of model literary critic; he had but few prejudices and these of the right kind; he had an equal love for the great in all schools of literature; his only real prejudices were against fake and imitation and insincerity. He was an Aristotelian—in fact the only genuine Aristotelian in criticism that I can remember—and, at the same time, he loved Shakespeare; in those days it took profound penetration to regard the Greek dramatists and Shakespeare as equally great.

It is diverting to remember that the third critic who undertook to point out a path for German literature was Frederick the Great: like almost everyone with an interest in literature the King fancied himself as a literary critic. He perpetrated a work of criticism in the French language called "De la Littérature Allemande," a work of astounding ignorance but with a certain amount of shrewd wisdom. Frederick was genuinely interested in literature, but he had a very confused and limited knowledge of it which seemed to him, as it has seemed to many self-appointed critics since, no drawback to the writing of criticism—in fact, critics of Frederick's caliber, like the poor, are always with us. Strange to say, like Gottsched, Frederick was inclined to the genteel, and he sometimes got the canons of the book of etiquette mixed up with the canons of literary criticism. Like Gottsched, he did not think Shakespeare's writings well-bred; he pronounced Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" a vulgar imitation of Shakespeare, and naively announced that the great days of literature in Germany had yet to come, but that he would not live to see them. He did not realize that the great days were on him, and that they had begun with the author of "Götz von Berlichingen." But if Frederick's criticism meant little to German literature, his victories meant a great deal, and they had a powerfully inspiring effect on Goethe, and so it can be said that the formative influences on the young Goethe's work were Frederick, Herder, and Lessing—Frederick with his victories, Lessing with his devotion to ancient classical and to English literature, and Herder with his devotion to folk-literature and to English literature.

Later on, undoubtedly, Herder's criticism became woolly and boring, but how fiery and creative were his early ideas and his early criticism! "Do not be surprised," said he, "that a young Lapp who does not know his letters, has never been to school, and hardly has a god, sings better than Major Kleist. For the Lapp sang his song on the wing, as he was gliding over the snow with his reindeer, impatient to see Lake Orra where his sweetheart lived, but Major Kleist made his song by imitation from a book." This sentence, characteristically enough, Ludwig does not quote. But, simple and lyrical as it sounds, and familiar as the idea behind it is to us moderns, it played its part in ushering into the world a new school in literature—the subjective school. Herder was a great influence in making Goethe that, until his time, rare figure in literature, the subjective writer. For who were the subjective writers before Goethe? If we omit the Confession-writers like Augustine, they seem to be limited to Catullus, Petrarch, perhaps, and perhaps one or two minor Elizabethans. But since Goethe's day we have had too few of the other sort of writers—the objective writers. He gave to posterity the recipe for writing entertainingly about themselves, and posterity has wearied the world by doing the recipe to death.

"Study the superstitions and the sagas of the forefathers," said Herder to Goethe, and the saying passed not only into the soul of Goethe, but also into the soul of Wagner. And Goethe, in studying the legends of the forefathers, attached himself particularly to the legend of Doctor Faustus, who sold his soul to the devil, and he made it into the eternal history of the struggle of the creative mind, and he made of it also the history of modern man and the strivings of modern man. Following Herder also, he became a collector of folk-songs; he got their rhythm into his blood, their whimsical nonsense-rhymes into his measures. "All girls," said he fatuously, "who wish to find favor with me shall learn them and sing them." So, like the Lapp, he began to sing his songs on the wing as he rode to see his sweetheart, and he got into them the earth and the sunshine, the clouds and the mountains, and the lyricism and spontaneity of the folk-song—

Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne!
Wie lacht die Flur.

O Lieb', . . . O Liebe!
So golden schön!
Wie Morgenwolken
Auf jenen Höhn.

Ich singe wie der Vogel singt, "I sing as the bird sings," he wrote in his poem of the old Minstrel. He did indeed. And it seems as if the very earth and sun long for a poet of Goethe's caliber once more.

He was the last of the great universal geniuses, someone has said of him. When, at the age of twenty-six, the young Duke of Weimar invited him to his court, and he became Minister and Chancellor, he proved the many-sidedness of his gifts; he became a real statesman, an able economist, an accomplished diplomat. Some writers on Goethe have claimed to see in some of his work regrets that he spent so much of his life helping to govern a state, and certain lines in his poem of the old Minstrel are pointed out as showing that he thought such things were not a poet's business. But I beg to differ with these critics. If a man is a great genius every experience helps in his growth; the minor writers may have to be parsimonious of their energies, but for the great men there has to be the great way; every detail of Goethe's life at Weimar became grist to his mill. He never could learn much from books, he said himself; life taught him everything; and if he did not do much writing during his first years in Weimar, he was learning all those things, acquiring all that wisdom, that went into his later books.

And what a marvellous place Weimar was to

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learn in! The Duke was not as great a man nor as great a ruler as his neighbor Frederick the Great, but he was a far greater aristocrat, with the aristocrat's devotion to personal freedom and to the art of life, with the aristocrat's contempt for the bourgeois's genteelnesses. Almost every great contemporary writer in Germany lived there at one time or another—Wieland and Herder and Schiller were there when Goethe was there, and Schiller gave Goethe a new lease of his creative life. There Goethe met and loved Frau von Stein, the one woman who meant very much in his life. I have little sympathy with the sentimentalists among the writers on Goethe who spend so much time dissectting the influences of love-affairs with every Gretchen and Annchen and Lotte around whose charms he probably merely hung the emotion he was at the time expressing in his lyrics. It is as clear as day that it was not so much the ladies who aroused his emotions as that, like most young men and all young writers, he had an amount of emotion that he had to expend somehow. His relations with most of them were innocuous enough, for he was no Don Juan, but a highly disciplined man, as all free men are, though, to be sure, he cared but little for conventional regulations.

The Victorian writers on Goethe used to censure him for the ease with which he loved and rode away, and for the care with which he avoided marriage until late in life. He avoided marriage for the same reason as Shakespeare left Ann Hathaway—to escape from the snares of domesticity. There is a Spanish proverb that says, "The Devil appeared to him in the shape of a wife and family." Goethe was exactly the sort of man whose sensitivity to people and influences would conspire to make him a slave to domestic relations. When, late in life he married Christine Vulpius, he allowed his house to be overrun with her relations, many of whom lived there. When his son married Ottilie von Pogwich, her family in the same way took possession of his hearth and home—he had no resistance against such things. But, fortunately anyhow, he did not allow them into his life until he was old enough to have acquired the knowledge that saved him from pawning himself to them. "Our life is pawned to life," he wrote, and he himself really allowed himself to be pawned only to two things—to life and to his genius. His genius and his influence have dominated all modern literature, for he was the architypal European, and he and his work stand for that European praise of life which is at the opposite pole from the Oriental abnegation of life: of all that the modern man struggles against and strives for, his Faust is still the noblest symbol.

That most subtle-minded and remarkable of contemporary French critics, Jacques Maritain, has explained in his book, "Trois Reformateurs," that the ideas of three men dominate the modern world, command the problems which torment it, and are the fathers of the modern conscience—a religious reformer, Luther; a reformer of philosophy, Descartes; a reformer of morality, Rousseau. Goethe was no reformer; he was an initiator, and the ideas he initiated, the characters he formed, have gone to the making of a new philosophy and a new morality. He has dominated all the modern world's attempt to express itself, and he has dominated it because he threw over the collective mind and made himself the exponent of the individual mind. Some of my readers may here remind me that Lewes described Goethe as an objective writer: that was one of Lewes's great misunderstandings as a critic; the chapter in which it occurs is one of muddled, quasi-philosophic explanations derived through proximity to Coleridge. More of my readers may object that I have written too little of Ludwig's highly-praised book and of the things that are in it, and that I have gone off on a line of my own about Goethe. But I believe that there is no real need of apology for this, for Ludwig has missed many of the points which might make a new life of Goethe a necessity. In spite of the claim which he makes, he has not really interpreted him in the light of contemporary ideas and contemporary knowledge.

One hopes that an adequate life of Goethe will be written before the centenary of his death in 1932. The first-hand material is so tremendous, and our present age has acquired much of that sort of knowledge that could interpret it. It would be well indeed if more great men had left behind as much revelation of themselves as Goethe has, for then we might not only learn what genius is, but also the secret of what virtue is, which at present no man knows. Perhaps we would discover what that angel who guards the gates to the Elysian Fields has really chronicled in his book in our favor; perhaps we would discover that he did not, after all, care so much whether we made graven images or coveted our neighbor's wife, or his man-servants, or his maid-servants, or his he-asses or his she-asses, but only that we have lived profoundly and with reality. Perhaps, indeed, virtue is reality in that angel's book as it was in Goethe's.

The Five Frankfurters

THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD. By COUNT EGON CORTI. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

THIS second study of the House of Rothschild is a worthy successor of the first volume that was entitled the "Rise of the House of Rothschild." The later volume covers the period from 1830 to the present day. Count Corti relates the vicissitudes of this famous house during the industrial and political revolutions of the nineteenth century.

To maintain their power after 1830 was, for the Rothschilds, a task almost more difficult than

KÜGELGEN'S GOETHE-MEDALLION OF 1808.

the previous heroic effort that they had made to establish it. Europe was becoming broader and more complex. Social questions, nationalism, new methods of communications, and the rise of new and perplexing personalities made the battle a hard one. As well, with the spread of the Industrial Revolution, new rivals came into the field of banking, once their own particular province. The Foulds, Pereires, and others threatened the predominance of the Rothschilds. Over all these factors, however, the house finally established its ascendancy. Originally, in 1830, they were allied with the more conservative orders. A Rothschild presented Metternich with a useful and dangerous Jewish penman, Saphir, and bought Paris gowns for Princess Mélanie. The brothers became the apostles of peace, for their own reasons, perhaps, as well as for those of humanity at large. Wars made banking dangerous. And so, they carry the olive branch in the critical years 1836 and 1840.

The Revolution of 1848 took them unawares, and there is an exciting moment in the story when the House of Rothschild appears to be almost faced with disaster. Louis-Napoleon did not like them, he leaned to Fould and established the *Crédit Mobilier*. But, Louis Napoleon, in the end, finds that he has mounted the wrong horse that carries him down to financial destruction. Even poor Pius IX is reduced to accepting a loan to enable him to return to his rebellious Romans, and, in exchange, he agrees to abolish the ghetto. After the crisis of the mid-century had passed, the Rothschilds had crowns and a papal tiara at their feet. But they did not put them on their heads; they were satisfied with patents of nobility.

When Bismarck and Cavour began their marches over Europe, the House of Rothschild was supreme. Loans to Sardinia and a house to Bismarck with loans to Prussia put them abreast of the war waves. And, when peace came, the House of Rothschild was safe. Later, it was the wealth of Baron Lionel de Rothschild that made it possible for the widow of Windsor to assume the title of Empress of India.

This is a book that all intelligent Americans who are interested in European history should read. The translators are to be complimented for their excellent rendering of Count Corti's version.

A Romantic Career

MONTROSE, A HISTORY. By JOHN BUCHAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

THIS is not the book of a literary man who has put together a biography because biographies are being done just now, but the careful work of a Scotsman who from boyhood has played over and over again the game of Scottish history with its brilliant openings and odd stalemates, and who has sought diversion in the complicated variations of Scotland's relation to the English Civil Wars. Those themes are as familiar and as fascinating to Scots as the border ballads or the Casket letters or Jacobite lore, themes where history and literature are an interwoven heather mixture. John Buchan has written fiction, a lot of it, and a considerable body of military history, but he is not interested alone in narrative nor in the dramatic—though who could offer more drama than Montrose—but quite as much in the spiritual and philosophic character of the time. There is about his work what seventeenth century people called a "largeness of fancy."

* * *

In the career of Montrose he had at hand almost the best story in Scottish annals, a story of success against fearful odds, dashingly achieved, the kind of thrilling story that keeps boys indoors on summer days, but a story that ends in sublime tragedy and satisfies old men reading on winter nights. James Graham was educated at Glasgow and St. Andrews, married, and took the grand tour for three years, returning in 1636, just at the time when those troubles were beginning in Scotland that were to lead to St. Giles, the Scottish Wars, and the Long Parliament. The young nobleman attached himself to the Committee known as the "Tables," which set up a government in Scotland to force the hand of the anglicizing Charles, and took part in the war that followed. As the Covenanting movement progressed towards the left, Montrose found himself out of step, and when the Scottish kirk, in order to make England safe for Presbyterianism, tied itself up with the Parliamentary Party in London, Montrose drew away from it, went to see Charles I at Oxford, and at length in 1644 gained the consent of the King to raise Scotland for him. He entered Scotland with "two followers, four sorry horses, little money, and no baggage."

Here begins the story made for boys. By leadership, by incredible daring, by forced winter marches over snowy passes, by strategy of a high order, he was able with small forces to defeat in a series of brilliant passages the large forces sent against him. It is only in fairy tales and sagas that heroes can win at odds of one to ten, but it was the Montrose way to win at odds of one to four. It was he who wrote "He either fears his fate too much" . . . He had now won it all, and Scotland was at his feet. If the King's affairs in England had not gone to smash, Montrose might have changed the history of his century. But when Charles fled from Oxford and when Leslie could bring his large army back to Scotland, the game was up, and Montrose, on orders from his King, fled to the continent. There he continued to plan for the renewal of the war in Scotland, and was at length sent back to Scotland by Charles II to take up the battle again, at the very time when that sovereign was getting ready to make terms with the foes of Montrose, the Kirk party in Scotland. It was the way of the Stuarts to go back on their dearest supporters. Montrose had no chance in the world, was of course captured, and was led around Scotland to be gloated over by the vindictive Presbyterian divines, and was executed with all circumstances of cruelty.

* * *

Buchan has no liking for Scottish Puritanism, but makes it, I think, no unlovelier than it was. He seems to me a judicious and honest historian who takes pains not only to disentangle the truth in complicated episodes, but to strike a fair balance in his estimate of mixed personalities, such as those of Argyle and Hamilton. His chapters and interludes on the spirit of the time are so good that one wishes there were space for more quotation. Of the people of that time he remarks: "Death was so much with them that they found comfort in envisaging its terrors. There was satisfaction in belittling of life." It was an age of uncertainty, he says in another place. "It is an old trait of human nature when in the mist to be very sure about the road."

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Of Scotland in the early seventeenth century he writes: "All classes were miserably poor; the gentry lived squalidly in their little stone towers, the peasants were half-starved and half-clad, and rural life had few of the English amenities. The land was strewn with the relics of medievalism, and amid this lumber the spirit of the Knoxian reformation burned furiously, destroying much that was ill and not a little that was good."

There is nothing better in the book than his analysis of Montrose's political theories. In that he adds a supplement to those two recent but already classic works, Feiling's "History of the Tory Party" and McIlwain's Introduction to "The Political Works of James I."

Historians will wish to read parts of this book again and again. And it will command, I hope, that wide public easily found for biographies much less readable and much less wise.

The Island That Was Ireland

OLD IRELAND—REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH K. C. By A. M. Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by Frank Monaghan

IN 1877 Alexander Martin Sullivan, the second of a group of five distinguished brothers, published his two volumes on the "New Ireland." An ardent Nationalist and editor of the *Nation*, he had played a conspicuous rôle in the Ireland of his day. As he wrote he looked forward with hope and courage to the new and better Ireland that was emerging from the revolutionary changes of the previous thirty years. Now, almsot fifty years later, his son (of the same name), a noted barrister and the last of the King's Serjeants, records the end of that new Ireland to which his father had looked forward. In one of the most brilliant and profound volumes of reminiscences that have come out of Ireland in a score of years Mr. Sullivan looks back wistfully to the Island that then was Ireland. "So little remains of all that then existed that one sometimes wonders whether the thoughts of the old land, of the old days, and of the old people, are not the hallucinations of a dreamer."

In the early pages we are given an excellent background of late nineteenth century politics, a skilful analysis of Irish character, and some insight into the peculiar land system and its importance in the social and political life of the people. Mr. Sullivan was called to the bar in 1892 and he then entered upon "the happiest career that was open to an Irishman," for it was in the law courts that a sympathetic student could best observe and understand a people born to strife and litigation. He knew intimately the important judges and barristers of the Irish bar as well as many of the humbler folk who came before them. We have never encountered such a sympathetic and vivacious picture of Irish court procedure and its revelations of Irish character—from Judge William O'Brien, who when told that a certain prisoner was a sort of mountebank, said: "And what is he doing here? There is no vacancy in this court," to Tom Donovan, a horse dealer, who being congratulated upon a successful suit against the Bishop of Limerick, said: "Don't talk to me. It breaks my heart to think that a jury of my countrymen wouldn't believe a holy Bishop on his oath." Here also we learn how juries are empanelled, so that while in England a case may be said to have begun when the jury has been selected, in Ireland the case is virtually ended.

* * *

From the early years of the twentieth century Mr. Sullivan believes conditions were becoming progressively better. The Land Purchase Act of 1903 had destroyed Landlordism in Ireland and the peasants set out on a new and hopeful career. In 1908 conditions were most favorable to Home Rule for Ireland and it was catastrophic that it did not come when the nation might have begun its career under the best auspices. But "two cancers, secret organizations and the acquisition of arms, slowly ate into the vitals of the National movement" and these, together with political jobbery and the stupidity of party leaders, finally destroyed it. For a time the World War united all Irishmen, and in the face of the common danger Ireland achieved nationhood—only to lose it through the resumption of faction fighting and the mistakes of the British government after the Easter Week uprising. Then came the confusion, the chaos, and the treachery of the next several years. The Irish Republic was declared with DeValera, "the benevolent Spanish commandant of forty snipers," as its President. With the suppression of the Dail Eirann and the crushing of the old Sinn Feiners the bitter war between the Irish Republican Army and the Royal Irish Constabulary broke out. After a long and successful "beatification of murder and suicide . . . the Confederacy of Criminals had succeeded in the permanent disunion of the two great factors of the Irish race, had re-established sectarian hatred in the North, and had rendered inevitable the breaking up of the Nation and the partition of Ireland." When the conquered people of the twenty-six counties were handed over to a "gang of bullies and gunmen" Mr. Sullivan with his family set out to commence life again among strangers, for he had come to "an end of all the usefulness of a life spent in one long struggle against all forms of oppression." He had tried to fit himself to be of service to Ireland and the knowledge that he did his best is "some alleviation of the loneliness of exile." Mr. Sullivan's trenchant and epigrammatic judgments will undoubtedly provoke bitter comment from many, yet few can deny, we believe, his passionate loyalty to the old Ireland that marks him as one of the most distinguished of modern Irish patriots. We are charmed with the critical and sympathetic intelligence, the kindly Irish humor, and even the mellow sadness of Mr. Sullivan's volume.

Submarine Adventures

RAIDERS OF THE DEEP. By Lowell Thomas. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by John Carter

THERE is one class of war hero which has never received its due outside of Central Europe. These are the submarine-commanders who risked their lives in the drastic effort to annul the power of the British battle-fleet and to starve out the British Isles. Frankly, much of the world's opposition to their tactics was bred of fear lest they should be successful. These men were acting under orders in time of war and, whatever civilian opinion thought of them, the British and American naval officers had nothing but the highest respect for their ability, courage, and sportsmanship. Even to-day, naval opinion in no country has resigned itself to the abolition of the submarine blockade and, ethics aside, there seems no reason why we should withhold our admiration from the men who went to sea in "iron coffins," to prey on merchant and passenger shipping, while we accord it to the airmen who dropped bombs on towns and cities behind the battle lines—along the Rhine as well as in London and Paris.

At any rate, Lowell Thomas, the first of the popularizers of the adventures of Colonel Lawrence and the biographer of Count Luckner, has rushed, somewhat indiscriminately, to their rescue. He has tales to tell of desperate courage and long chances, tales which stir the blood, despite his reliance on strong adjectives and exclamation points. There is Weddingen, for example, who in a little tin-pot kerosene-burning submarine revolutionized naval warfare by calmly sinking the three British cruisers, *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy*. There is Otto von Hersing, who ran the gauntlet of the North Sea and the Straits of Gibraltar in the U-21, arriving at Cattaro with less than two tons of fuel oil left. Thence he went to the Dardanelles, where he held up a great British attack by sinking the battleships *Triumph* and *Majestic*, and fetched up at Constantinople with half a ton of oil left. There is Lothar van Arnauld de la Perière who in one cruise of the U-35 sank fifty-four Allied ships and who was captured in a battle with the British Q-boat *Prize*, when U-93 sank beneath his feet to reappear miraculously at Wilhelmshaven, after a voyage that ranks as one of the great feats of the war. There were the U-boats which calmly crossed the Atlantic to prey on American shipping, one of which ran up Chesapeake Bay and planted mines off Baltimore.

The greatest drama attaches, however, to two incidents at the end of the war. When Austria broke up, fourteen U-boats set out from Cattaro to get back to Germany. The entire British Mediterranean fleet was waiting for them at Gibraltar. In a fierce dog-fight in the Straits, the little flotilla sank the battleship *Britannia*, and all but one got safely back to the Fatherland. Commander Spiess, who commanded the Cattaro flotilla in this thrilling run, was put in command of the U-135 at Wilhelmshaven to prepare for the "last fight" of the German Navy. Admiral von Scheer planned to send the German fleet down the Channel to break through the Dover barrier and threaten the British command of the sea. The German U-boats were to be thrown across the North Sea, so that when the British fleet steamed south from Scapa Flow, it would fall into an ambush. It was a good plan and, if it had been attempted in March or July, 1918, it might have succeeded. But the German sailors mutinied and the result was the ignominious surrender of the German Navy to their British foes.

As a foonote on the dangers of submarine warfare to the Germans, Mr. Thomas notes that of the four hundred German submarines put in commission, only three hundred did any active campaigning. Of this number, one hundred and ninety-nine were lost. The men who dared to stick to their task against such odds deserve our respect, if not our liking. At the end, it was not the submarine arm of the navy which mutinied but the crews on battleships which had not faced the enemy for more than two years.

Mr. Thomas includes the narrative of the man who sank the *Lusitania*. He does not pass upon the morality of "unrestricted" submarine warfare. Theoretically, of course, it was justifiable; practically, it was outrageous. The world can never see a ship go down, with loss of life, without being stirred by all the generous instincts built up by the tradition of generations. The loss of innocent, neutral lives was and is something which chokes the gorge. The fact that the submarine commanders were generally chivalrous and humane and that they spared life where possible need not detract from the general verdict of mankind, that Germany's submarine campaign was worse than a crime; that it was a blunder—and worse still, that it nearly succeeded. That is what the world will never forgive and what naval experts will never forget. In the meantime, both are indebted to Mr. Thomas for his laudable attempt to do justice to some of the bravest men who fought in the World War, the German U-boat personnel—officers and crew. Their exploits have made the limitation of naval armaments seem desirable, for the first time in history, to the public opinion of the great maritime powers. Had they not demonstrated that no navy is, in fact, powerful enough to give effective protection to sea-borne commerce, the old rule of force on the High Seas would still prevail and the doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas would still remain an academic theory.

Soliloquy on Madness

(*Continued from page* 565)

But if human nature is good for something, then much can be said for continuing the experiment of standardizing culture, and everything for good thinkers and good books.

A world madly engaged upon nearby objectives misses these complexities. It ignores human nature and the artificiality of culture as the scientist ignores the possibility of failure in his law, which has worked so often that he assumes it will work always. Wisely of course—it is always wise to be a little mad in this sense. But not rational. If we were rational we would take no chances with possible extremes of standardization or intellectual anarchy, but decimate our book shelves as Cæsar decimated his legions, and wipe out nine-tenths of our magazines and newsprint until the pattern of words which makes our environment of conscious opinion should bear a more useful and valid relation to life than the patter which makes up two-thirds of journalism and at least one-half of literature. But if we were as wise as all that—

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A Hymn to America

STRIDE OF MAN. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

LITERARY *genres* run together at the edges, and somewhere on the borders of fiction, history, and poetry, Mr. Williamson has searched out material to be fused into a fourth form perhaps best described as, in the Old Testament sense, rhapsody. "Stride of Man" deals with an idea, a sublimation, a symbol—the energy of America expressing itself through a multiplicity of patterns in the unity of time. The plan is one that Whitman would have approved and one that would have had no sympathy at all from Henry Adams.

Mr. Williamson's eidelon is one Daniel Patterson, supposedly a descendant of Daniel Boone, who is born in an Oregon cabin early enough in the nineteenth century to occasion the first planting in the Grande Ronde. In Daniel Patterson the energy of America, having produced him on the farthest western frontier, enters upon such violent ferment that it reverses the tide of expansion and turns him eastward to successively less physical frontiers. In him, this energy sums up three-quarters of a century of our material history, in so much that, after just missing the Civil War, he experiences drouth and a plague of locusts in Kansas, invents the twine-binder and the safety bicycle, has a part in the early industrial troubles in Chicago and assists at the Hay-market riot, recognizes the importance of better transportation and builds the automobile that finishes second in the Chicago-Waukegan race, devises the manufacturing system of Henry Ford, and ends by converting his factories and his desires to the fabrication of airplanes because that is the next frontier on which the energy of America will seek expression.

Now it is easy to find fault with such a scheme. One may say that the design resembles the naiveté of the Civil War novels of twenty years ago. The hero of those braveries, you remember, happily chanced to be at Fort Sumter for the bombardment and in St. Louis for the attempt at secession; he participated in the first Bull Run and Antietam and Chancellorsville; then, necessarily, he went West for Vicksburg, but had informative letters from Gettysburg; somehow he had leisure to detect Copperhead activities in Ohio and contrived to be with both Sherman at Atlanta and Grant in the Wilderness; then he was an aide at Appomatox, and someone thoughtfully sent him theatre tickets for the appropriate evening in Washington. Such a criticism of "Stride of Man," however, is immaterial. For this reason: if you are going to write that kind of book, that is the kind of book you must write. There is nothing historically or psychologically implausible in the life of Daniel Patterson. Mr. Williamson's history is, if anything, too accurate, so that he sometimes, especially in the first part, piles up substantiating detail beyond his needs. He is writing a rhapsody, a celebration of the American experience, and he cannot very well do so without leading his symbol through the heart of the experience.

No, the trouble with "Stride of Man" is not the encyclopedic career of Daniel Patterson. It is rather the difficulty of writing rhapsody in English prose, a medium that forces it to use at least the exterior of fiction. Seeming to be fiction, it must submit to judgments of fiction, and there it falls down. Daniel Patterson remains a symbol, an eidelon; he does not exist in his own right. He is a surface merely, and a significance—not a person, not an individual. The American pageant abundantly fills the pages of the book, and it is vividly, even memorably, managed. But the pageant, crowded with America, somehow lacks an American. The national experience is there, the human experience lacking.

All honest books germinated from our national past are welcome, and one would respect Mr. Williamson's on that score, even if it were not unusually good in its kind. And his utilization of the West, almost completely ignored in serious literature, commends him still more. But for all that, his book would have more nearly realized his own intent if he had cut the experience into tenths and used no more than one of the tithes for the complete exploitation of one man. One American truly created will be more national than a hymn to the sun, even so sustainedly brilliant a hymn as Mr. Williamson's.

The BOWLING GREEN

Composing Room

IT is just five years since the old Bowling Green in the New York *Evening Post* was sodded for the last time. Miss Alison Smith of the *World* has long been asking us to reprint the *Ode to the Comp. Room* which was printed in the Green during those days. We had no copy of it, but lately our old friends Bill Barron and Scotty Connell, who were in the *Post's* comp room in that earlier era, dug up an ancient clipping. By their kindness we are able to reprint it here, as a sincere tribute to all newspaper composing rooms — which are, with steamship engine-rooms and theatre switchboards, the most exciting places on earth.

ODE TO THE COMP. ROOM

I'd like to work in the Composing Room,
For what happens to a poem before it is published
Is far more poetical, usually,
Than the poem itself.
Poor little bundle of words, here you go—
Boy! Shoot this, prithee—
Up the pneumatic tube it flutters
To Jim Henderson, the copy cutter.

I wonder why there are so many Scots
In all printing offices?
Humorous birds, with shrewd, busy eyes.
Jim Henderson is from Glasgow;
Bill Barron, the foreman, is from Aberdeen;
And Jim, if he thinks Bill is near enough to hearken,
Will tell you a little story, something like this:
There was a fellow on a ship, in mid-Atlantic,
And way off yonder he sees another ship,
Just a speck on the skyline.
I wonder, says a fellow passenger, what that is?
Why, it's a vessel, he says.
Yes, of course, replies the other, but where's she going?
To New York, very likely.
Sure, but I wonder where's she from?
Our friend pretends to scan the horizon carefully.
I think she must be from Aberdeen, for I don't see any sea-gulls following her.

In the meantime the poem is on the linotype.
I don't savvy the lino very well, but I'm enough of a printer
To know how to light my pipe from it
Where the little blue flame lurks among the machinery.
See how the matrices come sprinkling fast
Down the slots of their fan-shaped runway,
And then, if you watch, you'll see the strips of type,
Hot and shining,
Slide one by one into the brass galley
—I tell you, when you see that machine,
And the cheerful calmness of the grizzled operator,
You want to write something worthy of them both,
Words that would come out hot and shining,
Words strong like metal,
Words built cannily together,
Not to be melted again.
So much of what we send up might as well be set
etaoin shrdlu ("A line of Greek," they call it;
Which, since it may have puzzled you, is simply the way
The letters lie on the linotype keyboard,
Just as you might write *qwertyuiop* on your Underwood
Or vamp a few chords on the piano).

I'd like to work in the composing room—
Such ingenious bustle, such humorous haste,
And I never weary of the black skull cap
Worn by Harry Martin, the superintendent
(Who is not a Scot—he sprang from Guernsey,
Home of those plush cows with amberlucent eyes).
I esteem the lively clatter of mallets pattering on the forms
Before they go rolling to the stereo room
On nine little trucks
("Bogies," says Bill Barron, "we used to call them in Aberdeen.
Say, laddie, were you ever in Aberdeen?
Glasgow's a dour black, reeky town.")

I love to watch the veteran Make-Up Editor,
A fine, portly figure of a man,
Brooding over the forms as they fill with type,
Pondering how to fit a six-inch story
Into a stick of space.
"Here," he says, "that'll never go.
Put in a bit of recherche Real Estate to fill."
In off moments he'll talk to you about George Borrow.
And in between times he's Religious Editor.
You might ask him to tell you the story about the High Church curate
And (O Scotland again!) the bottle of Athol Brose.
Being Religious and Make-Up Editor
Keeps a man mighty sinewy:
The other day, when he was jostled by a flivver,
She had to be towed home.
I love also to see the magazine pages, already made up for Saturday,
Marked ALIVE,
(Aye, for if type isn't alive, what is?)
And a young lady, concentrated and proud, from the editorial department,
Side by side with some inkstained compositor,
Their heads bent charmingly together over a correction.

Now, when the page is made up, I see it pass to the molding table,
Where it is blanketed under black sheets of felt,
And, when the semi-cylinder plates are made,
Down to the pressroom.
I tell you, it makes me dizzy to think of that poor little poem
Revolving down there, round and round and round
More than 60,000 times
(That is, on Saturdays,
As sworn to and subscribed before James W. Jennings, Notary Public,
Whose commission expires March 30, 1923,
But will doubtless be renewed).

And here is the Circulation Manager,
With his eyes full of yearning,
Appealing to the Production Manager:
"The Home Edition starts at 12.45, but is that Absolute?
Something's happened down on Staten Island,
And I've got to catch that 1 o'clock boat.
Can you go in a few minutes early?"
News, news, news. . . .
Some people smile at my old darling.
But I think she prints more Real News
Than any evening paper I know.
Not much poetry up here, the Composing Room tells me,
But I can see the Muse hugging herself
Down every roaring aisle.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"In the present critical state of the book trade in Italy," says the London *Observer*, "authors are finding it increasingly difficult to get their works published and to receive proper remuneration. With a view, apparently, of imposing themselves on publishers by cumulative weight, a kind of coöperative association has been formed by ten well-known Italian authors of very different tendencies: Antonio Beltramelli, Massimo Bontempelli (modernist), Lucio D'Ambra (classicist), Alessandro De Stefani, Fausto Maria Martini, F. T. Marinetti (futurist), Guido Milanesi, Alessandro Varaldo, C. G. Viola, and Luciano Zuccoli (classicist).

"They are not only writing works in partnership, but they uphold one another in enforcing lucrative terms from publishers. They have also formed a sub-group of five dramatic authors, who have got together a company bound to act nothing but their plays.

"The first novel of the 'Ten' of which each contributed two chapters, appeared as a serial in the *Lavoro d'Italia*. It is entitled 'Le Zar Non è Morto' (The Czar is Not Dead), and the price is said to have been 150,000 lire (about £1,600), an unprecedented sum for a novel in Italy. But if its financial success has been secured, from a literary point of view the work is by no means considered an important contribution to Italian literature. A comic paper publishes verses to the effect that if the Czar were not already dead, he has certainly been killed now by the ten authors."

A Bible has recently been placed in a cave among the ice and snow of the summit of Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa, which, 200 miles south of the Equator, towers to 19,720 feet. The feat was accomplished by Mr. W. J. Roome, who has been for twelve years Secretary for East and Central Africa for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

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The Whole Truth

IN the days when Dr. Johnson kicked a stone to confute Bishop Berkeley and demonstrate the irrefutable reality of realism, many religious and intelligent people believed that a chair was an idea in the mind of God. Today, equally intelligent people, who call themselves scientists, believe that a chair is a whirl of atoms within which twirl electrons and protons, world without end.

Precisely how much progress have we here? To what extent does this mutation represent an evolution towards Truth? Exactly how far have the scientists advanced beyond metaphysics? Or do both contentions outlined above deliberately part company with classic ideas of rigid materialism?

Again, the Fundamentalists speak of an absolute God and absolute ideas regarding creation, damnation, salvation, Heaven, Hell, and the Devil. Atheists and infidels, including also exponents of economic and political determinism and pure mechanism, deny God and the other theological ideas catalogued with equal absoluteness, and affirm quite as absolutely materialistic reality. And a certain type of scientist, who has fashioned theories and hypotheses which he has imposed upon the processes of nature, now so firmly believes in the absolute reality of those theories and hypotheses that he bristles at their denial, talks in his sleep of the manner in which electrons circulate, and visualizes the very invisible genes in the human chromosome. How much progress have we here? Is it possible that we have merely a mutation of an external character, a disguising of the very same old impregnable absolutism now with this and now with that cloak of words?

Consider such lowly subjects as castor and cod liver oil. "Much more of which we boast ourselves is but a restatement in other languages—sometimes less truthful than before—of futile explanations which are acceptable because familiar by analogy. So, a dose of castor oil acts with equal efficiency whether given to expel a demon, to calm the vital spirits, to assuage the Archæus, to evacuate morbific humors, to eliminate toxins, to restore endocrine balance, or to reduce blood pressure" or, *we might add, to convict an anti-Fascist of his* errors. Actually castor oil has performed one and the same function throughout its history as an adjunct to human therapy, yet theories varied and fantastic were elaborated to account for this action. To-day we may quite honestly say that castor oil acts because it contains a glyceride of ricinoleic acid. Is that the Truth at last?

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Very early in history cod liver oil was used as a therapeutic agent to combat pathological conditions which seem to have resembled what we now call rickets rather closely. Later this use was entirely forgotten and if cod liver oil was administered at all quite other theories were invoked to account for its usefulness. Later still it again began to be assumed that rickets had in cod liver oil a specific though the peculiar quality of the fat, not vitamins, was accounted the reason. More recently still we have become convinced that cod liver oil is rich in vitamin D which prevents or cures rickets. Is this final and ultimate Truth at last?

Let us consider just two other illuminating examples. Galen and Vesalius taught that the blood current acquired nutritive properties in the liver and that some blood passed from the right to the left ventricle of the heart. Michael Servetus in 1553 declared that the blood was aerated in the lungs, not in the heart. Twenty years later Cisalpinus of Pisa found that the heart received blood from the veins and passed it on to the arteries; then Fabricius of Padua described the structure and position of the vein valves, although he did not understand their purpose.

We see how truths were accumulating before Harvey, who heard Fabricius at Padua and later himself discovered the nature and purpose of the heart beat and how it forces the blood to the arteries and lungs. He showed that the blood passed from the heart into the arteries and then climbed back to the heart through the veins supported by the venous valves in its climb. Thirdly he discovered that the blood of the lungs is changed there but is identically the same blood as that flowing elsewhere in the body. This illustrates how facts build into hypotheses.

In quite similar ways hypotheses are built in other sciences. The heliocentric hypothesis of Heraclides held that Mercury and Venus revolved around the sun which in turn revolved around the earth. Aristarchus shocked and pained the Greeks by assuming that all the planets revolved around the sun, which he declared was larger than the whole of Greece! Copernicus improved this theory by the addition of a wealth of precise observations; Kepler made it still more exact by accumulating evidence to show that the planetary orbits were ellipses; it became a settled theory upon Newton's demonstration of gravitation—that is, until Einstein and his coworkers redefined gravitation! So it goes.

But at just what point did absolute Truth emerge? The atomic hypothesis of Leucippus was later revived and defended by Gasendi; it became a theory when Dalton showed its consistency with the laws of chemical constitution. Berzelius replaced Dalton's somewhat arbitrary assumptions with inductive inferences. Modern chemistry and physics have almost completely disrupted the Daltonian atom and to-day postulate atomic conditions which simply will not comport with the "laws" of mechanics on a larger scale. Where is absolute Truth? When did we attain it? Have we attained it? Is it ever attainable? Have we any more right in this generation to declare that we at last know final Truth than had our ancestors who explained combustion by Stahl's phlogiston theory? We look back with pity upon alchemy. Can we guarantee that future investigators will never regard our ideas of physics and chemistry with commiseration?

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Nevertheless we all know that men yearn for whole Truth. They want guidance and authority. Not even scientists are exempt. Millikan is one of the best physicists in America. But when in June 1923 he issued his manifesto declaring that science and religion could not be in conflict upon what did he rest his case? He rested it upon the "authority" of the well known men who signed it. We were to believe that science and religion do not conflict because certain distinguished persons signed the physicist's assertion that "Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress and the happiness of the human race"—which was, scientifically, no reason for belief at all.

What is the nature of this craving for complete explanations which must fill our private universes as the hermit crab its shell? Why is it so powerful that it compels even a scientist to forego his rigorous allegiance to facts in order every now and then to build a weather-tight theory?

In search of our answer let us turn to the insect world. Ants, bees, and certain wasps live remarkable lives. Some of their communities strike us dumb with their perfection in birth control, determination of sex, division of labor, mutual aid, communistic organization, and, in general, the unerring ability to do precisely the right thing. Given their normal mode of life and the usual problems with which they are confronted, their adaptation is perfect. Vary the problems, however, and while some of the insects do show extraordinary powers of adjustment, they generally soon blunder, and bewilderment leads them to disaster when you deprive them of their absolute Truth.

Among birds and lower animals we again see this remarkable power to follow a preordained plan, to do the right thing, and to live successfully in a specific environment. Even changed environment is adjusted to rather successfully.

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These living beings, so summarily and inadequately considered, are, we see, guided by instinct, by an inherited racial memory born with the individual. And what is instinct? It is essentially an inner voice saying, "There is a Way and this is that Way; there is Truth and this is absolutely that Truth." In man instinct remains a more or less vestigial survival, an atavistic affair often called conscience—vague, halting, erring, and uncertain in its dictates now, but still producing in him what we may call the immemorial Whole Truth Fallacy.

In a tomcat we have to do with a straightforward animal. He does what he does because some impulsive inner sense tells him what is ineffably right for tomcats under the circumstances. He knows no remorse and is untroubled by *arrière pensée*. He does not philosophize neither does he regret his iniquities. For he sins not, because he unerringly knows by *inner guidance what is right and what is true.* He lives in a civilization at the command of his jungle instinct.

A young child does likewise. It does not know "right" and "wrong" or "truth" and "error" in our artificial, code-encrusted adult manner. It knows the Whole Truth for children and it abides thereby. In this sense primitives are also childlike. Their tribal mores, customs, mysteries, tabus, and myths supply them with complete codes of action under any circumstances, and they invariably know the Whole Truth. Levy-Bruhl calls this the prelogical or mystic mind in his "How Natives Think." Given new and unusual circumstances and the primitive will either explain them in accordance with traditional ideas or else will elaborate for them new truths which arise directly from an inner consciousness.

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But civilization has developed a way of looking at things which differs from the primitive-animal-childlike way. It doubts, experiments, investigates, correlates, and reasons. This method is called scientific. The result is science. It is based upon such principles as observation, experimentation, description, interpretation, coördination, and reasoning and, at its purest, it elaborates hypotheses and theories to account for what it finds in nature, imposing "laws," let it be observed, upon the pure, unindoctrinated facts of nature. In a careful, impartial way, it does just what the common man—a congenital ideologue—does in a careless, prejudiced way. It abstracts a definite selection of facts or events from the infinitude of the natural world and, by summarizing, elaborates theories therefrom. And so long as science consciously realizes what it is doing and refrains from dogmatic beliefs in hypotheses as if they were Whole Truths, so long it is unassailable.

Although science *per se* is a new development and has but recently been superimposed upon primitive man's methods, this rational, as distinguished from a primitive, pre-logical, method of looking at things, is rather an old development. The method differs from the pre-logical, which does not distinguish between what we call mysticism and reality, largely in that it is pure reasoning upon a basis of correlated facts rather than an *ex post facto* or *a posteriori* rationalization invoked and elaborated to explain fully what are in essence the operations and the mandates of instinct.

As Malinowski says in "Myth in Primitive Psychology," native "belief, on the other hand, is closely associated with the deepest desires of man, with his fears and hopes, with his passions and sentiments." Yet, as Catlin adds in "The Science and Method of Politics," "we may fashion for our own ease a toy world and play with it for a while, but the facts and their nemesis remain. 'Not even the gods themselves can cause that which has been not to be.'"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The child of modern civilization finds this new somewhat shocking way of regarding things suddenly thrust upon it at adolescence. Old pre-logical beliefs tend then to be swept away. New and quite different methods of regarding things and of reasoning about them come to knowledge. The initial contact with what is essentially a form of scientific method is bewildering and to some extent frightful.

At this time doubts may lead to an utterly nihilistic despair. The individual may doubt all things and hold fast to nothing—not even a method. Emergence may come on two planes, that of dogma or absolutism, or that of science or fundamental skepticism. What is meant by this? Let us consider the first alternative first.

The instinctive craving for Whole Truth may predominate, merely wearing a new mask. "To some cults the rejection of the gods is itself the salvation. Every so often we hear associations of Atheists who preach a millennium to be attained by means of the universal conviction of atheism. . . . Lucretius wrote passionately of the salvation that is possible through the lifting of the fear of the gods; the Hindu Carvakas described the Vedas as rubbish; Atheists of our own time, like members of the British

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by T. Swann Harding

Rationalist Press Association, are moved by as intense a conviction. Their faith in the saving power of godlessness constitutes a religion. The destruction of the belief in God is endowed by this faith with the redemptive omnicompetence that distinguishes the supernatural from other kinds of cause."

Let this not be interpreted as an effort to be supercilious or denunciatory. All adjustments to life experience are doubtless correct at their own levels. These levels differ, but in an infinite spherical universe such as science teaches us to hypothecate, none can be "higher," none "lower." There can simply be differences of planes and the religious solution of an absolutist character is truth at a specific level, nor can anything be said in condemnation.

Emergence or existence at this level implies an absolute faith in certain mystical, supernatural, or sacramental propositions, and in certain definite beliefs about God, creation, death, the soul, a future life, sin, evil, regeneration, salvation, grace, etc., etc. It means a Whole Truth fitted to explain every nook and cranny of the individual's experience.

It means, still more fundamentally, that the individual has abstracted from the innumerable characteristics of the infinite universe a certain limited number, has changed these few to some extent (indoctrinating them with his dogmas, partialities, and prejudices), and now regards this casual, unscientific summation of a comparatively few particulars as the Whole Truth for all men, everywhere, at all times.

But emergence and existence may perfectly well occur on a plane but very slightly inclined to and divided from this one; perhaps it is the same plane merely painted differently! Here new words are used to express old absolute meanings. We find here such types as the doctrinaire, dogmatic, absolutistic Atheist, Infidel, Economic Determinist, "Radical," Communist, Materialist, Mechanist, Political Imperialist, Vegetarian, Medical Cultist, etc., *ad lib*.

These individuals have changed their protective coloration but remain entirely unaltered as to inmost essence. They have changed their labels but present the same old primitive, child, animal, prelogical content as ever. They are absolutists following and then rationalizing pre-logical, instinctive tendencies, and they still know the Whole Truth.

And what is even more striking, we find some workers in science at this level. Of course no real scientist could exist on such a plane. But we do find here workers in science who believe so firmly and dogmatically in scientific hypotheses and theories that they are not to be distinguished from the religious in their devotions.

* * *

At this level we find Lord Kelvin rudely refusing to have explained to him theories inimical to his conclusions, Sir Oliver Lodge satirizing modern relativity sneeringly rather than examining it scientifically. Here we find exponents of the theory that mathematics and physical science are absolute in their exactitude, whereas our conception of mathematical values is definitely limited by the delicacy of our instruments of measurement and the atom is seen to be so complex in structure that we are forever precluded from a complete understanding of reality.

"The reason we find in natural phenomena is surely put there by the only reason of which we have any experience, namely, the human reason. The mind of man in the process of classifying phenomena and formulating natural law introduces the element of reason into nature, and the logic man finds in the universe is but the reflection of his own reasoning faculty." To this statement of Karl Pearson's there might well be added Professor Bridgeman's clear characterization of physics as an empirical science in "The Logic of Modern Physics" where he says "The attitude of the physicist must therefore be one of pure empiricism. . . . Experience is only determined by experience."

All science is built upon metaphysics! This bald statement may cause horror. Yet the state of progress any science attains directly depends upon the manufacture of its hypotheses. The bold guesses of Proust and Dalton practically founded modern chemistry, while the revolutionary assumptions of Planck, Rutherford, and Bohr underlie our recent views of the constitution of matter. Physics, like all science, rests upon experimental facts but it stagnates without the spur of hypothesis.

The mistake comes when an hypothesis is regarded as an axiomatic Whole Truth. "Scientists often get too wedded to a theory and regard it as sacred reality. . . . Then a new fact not easily explained thereby injects temporary confusion into science." Thus aspects of motion demanded by the new physics upset the old belief in absolute space and time, and the discovery of the discontinuous character of light emission is devastating for the undulatory theory of light.

The scientist, indeed, must never be too ready to impute final reality to any hypothesis. Dual hypotheses may at times have to stand as, for instance, the wave theory of light for propagation but the quantum theory to account for its emission; or again "free" electrons to obey the laws of classical mechanics as modified by relativity, although the motions of electrons "bound" in the atom cannot thus be explained. After all hypotheses are built to satisfy the scientist's primitive longing for a Whole Truth; yet such building has no general mandate of validity. The scientist must remember that it is changing and transient in character and that new facts rapidly render old hypotheses untenable.

* * *

Where does this leave us then? It leaves us upon a new plane of existence, a scientific skepticism which believes in methods and in principles but never in theories and hypotheses. This attitude can be better explained by a commonplace example than by discussion and definition in the abstract.

Let us take the vitamins as a convenient case in point and vitamin D which prevents rickets as a specific example of how true science works. Some years ago the science of nutrition seemed quite complete; that was when physics prided itself upon being a finished science. The importance of carbohydrates, fats, proteins, of calories and of certain mineral salts was realized. What more? Very many nutrition workers were quite ready to believe in the science as it stood and to make new facts fit willy nilly into old beliefs.

Yet in time obstinate facts observed among experimental animals forced upon the attention of science the truth that some factor other than those named controlled the growth of tissue and bone. This myserious factor in certain foods was called a vitamin and was lettered A.

Yet very gradually it also became evident that certain facts pointed in yet another direction. Foods like butter and spinach which promoted tissue growth were found impotent to prevent rickets and were also ineffective in promoting bone growth. On the other hand, cod liver oil performed both functions. This led irresistibly to the conclusion that science had to do with two vitamins, and they were now lettered A and D, B and C having meanwhile been discovered.

Vitamin D was in cod liver oil and it would prevent rickets. Why not stop there, content? For one reason because sunlight and ultra violet energy from mercury vapor lamps would also cure rickets and just how they were related to cod liver oil remained mysterious. The science of nutrition could not treat these facts inhospitably even though a perfectly good theory was smashed by admitting them.

Scientists began to expose milk-giving animals to ultra violet rays and found that this treatment increased the calcium in their blood. Next they found that cod liver oil would accomplish the very same purpose with goats. Then they discovered that many inert oils could be "activated," and would prevent rickets, if they were exposed to ultra violet rays. This meant that vitamin D was produced in them photosynthetically—by the action of light.

Then followed a long chase to discover the particular chemical substance concerned. First one body fat and then another was chosen as the possible material activated by the rays. Ultimately it was found that the fat ergosterol lost its crystalline character under the rays and a resin, high in vitamin D properties, was produced.

* * *

Perhaps this is enough to demonstrate that we do not even now have Whole Truth, we do not think we have Whole Truth, and we do not even today believe in our theory of vitamin D formation as a sacred and holy reality unassailable by any inimical fact. We fully expect some new fact to modify that theory in time and our scientific method and the principle of reasoning alone remain unchanged.

"Scientific method," says Karl Pearson, "consists in the careful and often laborious classification of facts, in the comparison of their relationships and sequences, and finally in the discovery by aid of the disciplined imagination of a brief statement or formula, which in a few words resumes a wide range of facts." It will readily be seen that there is nothing dogmatic, institutionalized, or absolutistic here.

Because scientific law is based upon the observation of a great number of facts, science can predict that a certain sequence of events or relation between events which exists in theory will probably follow in practice. Yet, since we can never possibly know all the facts even about a thing so simple and so unimpressive as an ordinary brick, we can never presume that our scientific law is infallible in fact because it seems so in abstract.

In short, like the science of nutrition, all science is plastic, formative, and becoming, not static, completed, and in a state of permanent being. Such an attitude towards life itself alone escapes the bondage of primitive urges and of vestigial instinct. It alone faces the universe fearlessly though unarmed with a complete explanation. It alone dares live in suspended judgment, with illusions sacrificed.

Yet it is not an attitude of nihilism, impudence, or bravado. It questions ever, and over and over discovers relationships and realities in nature which arouse wonder and awe. It realizes that life may quite usefully be devoted to a search for a truth which forever eludes us in its entirety. It definitely breaks with instinct that demands the Whole Truth, and allies itself for better or for worse with man's supreme faculty, reason.

Nor can there be any turning back, for once emerged at this plane of existence the mind must go onward. This mountain path is narrow. Sheer walls rise on one side; sheer depths yawn on the other. The path ahead cannot be foreseen to its end. But to turn about is utterly impossible. The supreme adventure lies in an undeviating advance.

T. Swann Harding, author of the foregoing article, is a frequent contributor to scientific journals, and Editor of Scientific Publications, United States Department of Agriculture. He is also a lecturer on popular science.

Two publishers, one in England and one in this country, have joined in offering a five thousand dollar prize for the best novel by a British subject, the successful book to be brought out in England and here. The announcement is made by Harper & Brothers and Jonathan Cape, of London. The judges are Sheila Kaye-Smith, Frank Swinnerton, and Hugh Walpole. The contest closes August 1, 1929, and the name of the winner will be announced October 31, 1929. One half of the prize will be paid on the announcement date and the rest on publication.

In addition to their share of the $5,000 Harpers have offered a prize of $4,000 as a further advance on account of American royalties, which may be awarded to a book submitted, but not pronounced the winner by the judges. The winning novel will be published in the spring of 1930. The novels must be not less than 60,000 words nor more than 120,000, and they must be original, unpublished works, though not necessarily first novels. The motion picture and dramatic rights will be the property of the author.

The Stratford Company and the *Extension Magazine* are offering a prize of $2,000 for the best Catholic novel, to be submitted on or before October 1, 1929. This contest is open to non-Catholic as well as to Catholic writers, and the novel is not necessarily to be one dealing with religion. The judges in this contest are Dr. James J. Walsh, Kathleen Norris, and Mary Synon. For further particulars, contestants may write to The Stratford Company, Publishers, 289 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

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Books of Special Interest

The Science of Living

MAN AND HIS POWERS. By RICHARD LYNCH. New York: Dodd Mead & Co., 1928. $2.

MIND MAKES MEN GIANTS. By RICHARD LYNCH. The same.

Reviewed by E. R. GUTHRIE
University of Washington

THERE is undoubtedly an art of living, and we occasionally meet one of its happy practitioners. But arts are not taught in books. They are learned by example and direction. A science of living is another matter. The laws of happiness have not yet been reduced to printed words and are not yet available by correspondence or in reading courses.

America has, however, produced a whole literature on the alleged science of living, books that profess to teach you how to live, how to be wealthy, how to be successful, how to be loved, how to be beautiful, and how to attain health. Judged by its quantity there must be an impressive demand for such direction and advice, not, of course, from the more fortunate and more successful livers, but from the unsuccessful, the unloved, the sick, the homely, and the poor.

This literature is interesting because it undertakes to do what has in the past been the monopoly of religion. Religion has been the means of comforting the unfortunate, the source of hope for the distressed, the promise of happiness. This new literature offers a happiness that is somewhat more worldly, it is true. It promises ten thousand dollars instead of salvation, and physical beauty instead of the soul's perfection, or a filled order book instead of spiritual peace. But if its notion of happiness is somewhat different, its rules for attaining it turn out to be only a slightly modified sermon in the good old style.

There is one difference between the older books on self-improvement and the new. The new literature has sought to adopt science instead of making of it an enemy. Its prescriptions claim scientific sanction and not the sanction of Holy Writ or of divine revelation. Not that this sanction would be acknowledged by scientists. It is a much garbled and mutilated and over-simplified science that has to serve. No scientist could recognize it. Scientists are not interested in telling the common man how to live, and the enthusiasts who are so interested seldom have the enthusiasm for the understanding for its own sake that is necessary to carry a man through the severe apprenticeship of science.

"Mind Makes Men Giants" is a text in the pseudo-science of happiness. Its background of authority and quotation is a group of writers who have probably never before found themselves in such close quarters. Flammarion, James Harvey Robinson, Richard Cabot, William James, Elbert Hubbard, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Plato, Benvenuto Cellini, Helen Keller, Alfred Noyes, and Thomas Edison, together with the authors of "Mind Power," "Strength of Will," "Power of Will," "Mind Power and Privilege," "The Hidden Power," "Truth and Life," are the objects of a graceful acknowledgement of indebtedness at the beginning of the book.

"Earnest seekers for self-advancement" are promised a great deal by Mr. Lynch, "international lecturer and metaphysician." Great mental development "is possible to everyone who is willing to give his attention and his will to the task he has set himself for the betterment of his position and for the attainment of health, wealth, power, and influence." How much more invigorating this sounds than the psychologists' talk of inherited limitations of intelligence or the sociologists' insistence on the dependence of the individual on his environment. The "success seeker" would not necessarily be encouraged by learning his intelligence test score, or that his central nervous system had a large share in his chances. There is a Something behind it all, he is promised, and to this something all things are possible. The "powers within us that could neither be analyzed nor explained" now have a pretended scientific confirmation in the form of a subconscious mind. The subconscious mind, so we are told, can be made the slave of our lamp.

Of this service of the subconscious there are many encouraging illustrations. The author has been told of a woman who could neither paint nor play an instrument, and who, obeying a something within her began to challenge the attention of great artists. He has been told of a student who took his books to bed with him and read them just before falling asleep with good effect. "We are told," he says, "that among the Orientals there are mystics who, by meditation and concentration on a single thought can still the operations of the objective mind so as to observe those of the subjective."

We "treat" a cold by addressing it thus: "I have no cold in the head, throat, or lungs, no cold in the system." . . . . "I am in perfect health." We are instructed to "keep the subconscious on guard against the possibility of a cold." "The Hindu fakir, by mental control, can gest and congest at will." "From the healing of a cut or the reduction of an inflammation to the elimination of disease from any part of the system the subconscious is a slave to your bidding." The academic scientist who keeps within his small clearing must strike the ordinary reader as a weak coward when he is compared with authors like Lynch who venture boldly into the jungle of the unknown and mysterious and bring back strange and fascinating anecdotes.

Health is not the only element of happiness offered. Money and business success are here too. "The way to make money is to think money." "Is it not true that anyone, even of ordinary attainments can be what he wants to be, can reach any objective in life that he sets his mind to? The answer is yes, and *yes*, and *YES*." And the proof is that great realtors, great engineers, successful playwrights have started as immigrants, country boys, or even as bellboys in hotels. Lives of great men have been used before to remind us that we too can leave footprints.

There are a few sad notes. The boys and girls of today "do not seem to possess either the earnestness, the adaptiveness, or the willingness of the preceding generations." "Their chief concern, first and last, is as to the amount of pay to be received." And "The wage earner . . . as often as not becomes a menace, instead of an aid, to law and order and the integrity of the social system." But these bad instances are used only to point the moral that virtue must be practiced. The subconscious cannot carry all the burden. "Put your heart into your work and know that your work will stand by you." "Every workman should have the interest of his employer in mind at all times." "Loyalty to your work means loyalty to your house, and loyalty to your house means attainment to the ideals of the house. These ideals may not be apparent but they are there, nevertheless. The house is in business for some definite purpose or it could not exist."

Virtue is generally the way to success, but there is one hint of a conflict between the two. To an unsuccessful salesman the Sales Manager says, "You are too polite and too well-educated, too considerate of the feelings of your prospect, too delicate in your apprehensions to follow up with the imperative demand for a contract." The disadvantages of the gentleman in business are not, however, stressed.

"Man and his Powers," just published, is written with the same themes. The reader will find encouragement in discovering that there is a "responsiveness down deep in the nature of things ready to be called into action when appealed to." "The suggestive mind is the builder of the body and performs its duties automatically." "We really have nothing to do with this incessant activity except to stoke our furnaces and keep our vents free and clear." "Advancement is the watchword of all things living."

The modern pseudo-science of happiness turns out to be very like its parent, the science of salvation, changed only to meet an altered taste in the forms of happiness.

Bolshevik Russia

THE HAMMER AND THE SCYTHE. By ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.

WHOEVER writes his impressions of Soviet Russia to-day, after a summer's visit there, is, naturally, both hindered and helped by his many predecessors—helped by their preliminary spade-work, hindered, so far as his public is concerned, by the fact that most of the things he sees have already been seen and reported on, from one point of view or another, by somebody else.

It can be said for Mrs. McCormick's book, that none of the several journalistic accounts that have recently appeared tell more about Bolshevik Russia than hers, nor is any better written. She is wide awake, unprejudiced, intelligent, vivid. There are passages of real brilliance, and also a certain habit of metaphor, which, when it doesn't come off, gets a bit tiresome. . . . "Now study old architecture when all around us fluttered the first ragged blue prints for the façade of a new world. . . ." Or, ". . . they are the most exciting streets in the world. The Bear that Walks like a Man walks on his head—and walks straighter than he ever walked before . . ." All very well, but often one would prefer the plain statement.

The author saw Moscow and Petersburg, the Volga, Crimea, something of the factories and peasants, most of the Commissars. She is more sensitive to beauty and local flavor, better read than many of her predecessors. It is a good, workmanlike job. On the way home, she had the striking experience of flitting rapidly from Moscow and Bolshevism, through Rome and Fascism, to New York and—well, just what is this new New York?

After little old Moscow and Rome, the place seemed blinding. More than Moscow it looked "like the capital of the permanent revolution." It, and the America behind it, seemed "the ultimate expression of all that pure Communists hate—an exploitation so insolent and illogical that even the exploited become rich under it; a capitalism so unbridled that every man is a capitalist; a popular psychology so brazenly bourgeois that no worker will classify himself as a proletarian. Here is a working class without class consciousness, a peasantry that does not know itself peasant, an entire population joyously and successfully engaged in the accumulation of private wealth."

Mrs. McCormick got the impression that communism and capitalism work forward, however unconsciously, to much the same kind of world. "They pursue man to an identical end. The effect of the unresisted pressure of either is to crowd him into a collective. At the apex of the two pyramids the two systems meet; they are in deadly earnest about the same thing."

Rome and Moscow, with a "similar adolescent shrillness," shout down democracy, according to their different formulas, but New York, she thinks, is the real revolutionist, "breeding a new breed of rebels caring nothing for political and demanding economical enfranchisement." Until the "democracy" which produced them learns "how to enlist such buccaneers, and their intelligence and passion are spent to modernize and vitalize the processes of government, the skyscraper will stand out as the symbol of capital rather than the Constitution," and those who live in the tall glass houses will not be in a position to throw stones.

Henri Bergson, to whom the Nobel prize for literature for 1927 has been awarded is sixty-nine years old. Before the war he was professor of Greek literature at the Institute de France.

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William B. Seabrook

You'll soon be talking of Mr. Seabrook's splendid ability to remain totally unclassifiable (for "THE MAGIC ISLAND" is far too large a book to fit under any such limiting term as Adventure, Travel, Sociology, or even Miscellaneous — and neither is it "tranche de vie" nor "stream of consciousness") of Professor Shotwell whose "WAR AS AN INSTRUMENT OF NATIONAL POLICY" is to the World peace movement what Keynes' "ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE" was to the Versailles treaty. Still, there are things about our publishing past which refuse to be left out in any consideration of either present or future, ORLANDO, for instance. Mrs. Woolf, having convinced the literati years ago of her ability to convey the most exquisite shades of feeling, the subtlest wit, and stimulating ideas, is at last reaching a large and delightfully surprised reading public (who had previously considered her "high-brow"). Now that same public is turning back to MRS. DALLOWAY, TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, THE COMMON READER et al. And of course there is (and always will be, if we judge from our volume of after-Christmas orders) ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. Just as there were, are, and always will be QUEEN VICTORIA and EMINENT VICTORIANS. Others which refuse to retire into the limbo of last season's best sellers are Siegfried's AMERICA COMES OF AGE. Viña Delmar's BAD GIRL and Katherine Mayo's MOTHER INDIA (which last still sells more in any week than all of the eight volumes written in answer to it). And HUNGER FIGHTERS is another. Instead of displacing its popular predecessor, MICROBE HUNTERS, Paul de Kruif's new book seems to be making an increasingly wide audience for both volumes. And for last mention we are saving Carl Sandburg's ABRAHAM LINCOLN and his GOOD MORNING, AMERICA.

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DARK ECSTASY in the spontaneous manifestations of SEX and RELIGION

The Literary Guild book for January

THE MAGIC ISLAND

by William B. Seabrook

Voodoo — Black Magic — orgiastic ritual and the image of the Virgin Mary—all welded into a single spontaneous faith in the dark mountains of Haiti. Here are people far more keenly attuned than any civilized white society to the emotional significance of sex and religion. Mr. Seabrook is the only articulate white man to have witnessed the ritual eating of flesh and drinking of blood, the dramatic sacrifice by substitution, and the orgiastic dances.

In the city, a sophisticated French negro civilization of Parisian culture and scholarly attainment — with its golden-skinned damsels clad in frocks from the Rue de la Paix—now made color-conscious for the first time by the occupation of the United States Marines. Pride and self-sufficiency almost destroyed, racial quality gone, but at the same time a new standard of living (roads, sanitation, industry), by virtue of Yankee methods and U. S. gold.

A book of color and adventure, of cock-fights, of tennis-parties on the President's lawn, of fascinating personalities—Louis, "whose face glowed with a light that was not always heavenly," and Wirkus, the lone marine King of an island—all indelibly portrayed through Mr. Seabrook's faculty for becoming an integral part of the most exotic of landscapes. The reading of it is a keen emotional experience as well as an intellectual satisfaction of the first order.

Concerning "Adventures in Arabia," Mr. Seabrook's first book, Dean Gottheil of Columbia University said: "Next to Doughty's classic, I consider it the best presentation of Bedouin life."

While Dr. Robert Parsons, Commander U. S. Navy, stationed on Haiti for seven years, says of "The Magic Island": "I am glad that at last we have what amounts to a reference book on these native religions. It is refreshing to have something that is honest, authentic, and full of accurate information."

Illustrated by Alexander King $3.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

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Foreign Literature

French Life

CLIMATS. By ANDRE MAUROIS. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1928.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS'S new book, just out in a French edition, is no doubt already in process of translation: M. Maurois's American and English public is in fact even greater than that granted him in his native land. Curiously enough, he is almost unknown as a novelist to us, though "Bernard Quesnay" is held in Paris to be probably his best piece of work. Those who have felt that "Ariel" and "Disraeli" were a trifle too easily, picturesquely, and sentimentally treated will consequently welcome the fact that "Climats" is a novel of modern French life. For the greater body which adored the romanticized biographies there is his "Don Juan: The Life of Lord Byron" in store.

"Climats" is the simple story of a man's two marriages, neither of them completely happy nor wholly miserable, but presenting a sharp contrast when compared. Presumably it was this contrast which led Maurois to write a book not unusually original in its characters and intrigue, nor attractive because of its setting. His hero, Philippe Marcenat, is the son of a manufacturer. His antecedents and upbringing are those of the normal well-to-do bourgeois family, though his first wife, the daughter of an unsuccessful architect, is more bohemian in background. His boyhood and their romance, begun in Florence and culminating in marriage, form a sort of prologue to the story of that marriage, which he tells in the form of a letter to his second wife, written before his second wedding has taken place. Odile (wife the first), is amazingly beautiful. Her husband, who wishes to keep her wholly to himself, is soon involved in a series of jealous scenes with her, but the very existence of this jealousy serves to keep his love alive. At length she meets a naval officer who dominates her in precisely the fashion she uses to control her husband. Although she realizes that her unhappiness will be greater with her lover, she eventually leaves Philippe, obtains a divorce, and marries the officer. Philippe, more in love with her than ever, suffers yet more intensely from jealousy now that she has left him. Her death by suicide closes the first part of the book, leaving her image invincibly strong in the mind of the hero.

The second part is the story of the second marriage, told after Philippe's death, by Isabelle, the second wife. This time the romance is slow in developing, and the woman knows she is in love long before the man. In short, a complete contrast is revealed, with the man dominating the woman, and even ceasing to love her for a time, fascinated by a more vital mistress. But in this case the woman is faithful; her affection for Philippe does not waver; she bears his child and nurses him when he is dying. M. Maurois may not have intended to place the woman's love in so favorable a light, but the fact that no one of Philippe's three passions fulfils his dream makes Isabelle's capacity for lasting affection both more remarkable and more creditable to her. Only the final period of brief contentment is satisfaction to them both. The conclusion seems to be that while it may be natural to one person to be faithful and to another nature only too necessary to change continually the object of its affection, for both it is imperative to seek the atmosphere, the "climat," whatever it may be of them, of love. *"Si l'on aime vraiment, il ne faut pas attacher trop d'importance aux actions des êtres qu'on aime."*

The moral is a somewhat dubious one, perhaps, but in exposing this case-history M. Maurois has shown more than common skill. His book is a distinct accomplishment from the point of view of accurate observation, and the scenes of jealousy in particular have a ring of dreadful truth unheard since the celebrated episodes in Proust's "La Prisonnière" and "Albertine Disparue." There is a neatness about the demonstration far more convincing than the well documented scenario versions of Shelley's and Disraeli's earthly adventures. The quality of the writing is also more restrained, less conscious of its effects. Had André Maurois written only this novel and the earlier "Bernard Quesnay" his royalties might be considerably less resplendent, but his eventual reputation would surely not suffer from the fact.

Werfel's New Novel

DER ABITURIENTENTAG: DIE GESCHICHTE EINER JUGENDSCHULD. By FRANZ WERFEL. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1928.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE well-known Viennese writer Franz Werfel is better known by his plays and poems than by his prose—though the recent translation of his moving war-book "Opfergang" (The Way of Sacrifice) ought to attract many readers. His latest book does not reach the level of that exalted work, but it is interesting enough. The Abituriententag" of the title is the annual reunion of several men, all of them contemporaries at the same school. They all assemble in the "Adria-Keller" and in describing their individual characters the novelist has shown much talent. There are the dilettante Schulhoff, now actor-manager; Komarek, the rebel and revolutionary; Ressl, the son of wealthy parents, boastful even at school of his riches and his taste in vintage; Faltin, the walking encyclopedia, now a leading barrister; and finally Ernst Sebastian, son of a judge and now himself in the State's legal service as an *Untersuchungsrichter*. In this capacity he had that morning had an experience which he briefly mentions to his colleagues; its memory depresses him so that he cannot remain to the end of the convivial evening, but, making his way to his study, he begins to write chapters of autobiography which are also a confession.

Dr. Ernst Sebastian's adventure was this. A man, whom he recognized as a former school-fellow named Adler, had been brought to him accused of the murder of a prostitute. No sign of mutual recognition was exchanged, but Sebastian, confronted with the conviction that here was a former schoolmate, on the steps of the gallows, and that this terrible fate could in some way be attributed to his (Sebastian's) conduct at school, summons once again before him his school-days in which all the men assembled at the *Abituriententag* are presented, together with the unfortunate Adler. The novelist has at least chosen an original setting for his school story.

At school, Adler had been a remarkable boy. Although very poor, he had outshone and yet won the admiration of such a plutocrat as Ressl. He had shown precocious literary gifts, had written a drama on Frederick II, was able to pass literary judgments and display original thought of the daring kind which impresses youthful "intellectuals." In all this narrative Franz Werfel shows close acquaintance with, and keen appreciation of, such a schoolboy intellectual *milieu* as most high-schools can no doubt exhibit. Adler, however, had a rival—Sebastian, whose ambition it was to be a writer, to obtain applause for his literary talents. Obviously he was inferior and should have heeded the sentence, printed as the motto of the book, from Goethe's "Wahlverwandtschaften" — *Gegen grosse Vorzüge eines andern gibt es kein Rettungsmittel als die Liebe.* But the bitterness of rivalry killed his true comradeship, and he had recourse to the mean trick of parading an obscure poet's works as his own, in order to win the applause for which he craved. This succeeded, but it did not entirely satisfy him. Not only did the prick of conscience trouble him, not only did he know himself to be really inferior in both character and talents to Adler, but the rival continued to go from success to success, undeterred by the humiliation of poverty which his fellows now and then brutally inflicted upon him. At length an opportunity occurred of bringing about his ruin. There had been some cheating in connection with examination marks, and Sebastian allowed the blame to fall on Adler, with the result that he was expelled from the school. Sebastian was rid of him. But it was the beginning of a downfall for Adler—or so, at least, Sebastian believed until, by an unexpected dénouement, the accused prisoner is shown to be another Adler and not Sebastian's school-fellow at all. Thus the plot has an ending which is rather an anti-climax. Yet Sebastian's confession is the main thing, and this piece of narrative and self-analysis make the book live.

Two new volumes in the series describing the geological and geographical results of the expedition led by Sir Filippo de Filippi in the years before the War are "Le Condizioni Fisiche Attuali," by G. Dainelli and O. Marinelli, and "Fossili del Secondario e del Terziario," by E. Fosca Mancini, C. F. Parona, and G. Stefanini.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 50. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best monosyllabic Sonnet. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 14th.)

Competition No. 51. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most engaging *original* Valentine for 1929 addressed to the ingenious Editor of this page. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 28th.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best version of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" as it might have been written by Alexander Pope has been awarded to E. Lewis of Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Lines to the Memory of an Unfortunate Gentleman

SEE where yon fading wretch by grief pursued
Ponders the wintry margin of the flood:
Why strays he sole by blank despair oppress'd?
What fears invade his cheek, what pangs his breast!
From desert woods the feather'd tribe retires
Nor now attend the glade nor join their quires;
No more to frisk upon the neigh-b'ring sward
Th' industrious squirrel leaves his secret hoard;
The glebe is reap'd, and stor'd the harvest grain,
Yet naught avails to cheer the loit'ring swain;
Nor bard nor rhyme nor reason can refuse
His dubious tale, told by the gen'rous Muse.

As late he wander'd o'er the flow'ry mead
A nymph he met, nor ask'd her name and breed:
Her flowing locks no decent fillet bound,
Her step the stones receiv'd without a sound.
With teasing looks and sighs the wretch she proves,
Weeps while she sings, and swears she truly loves.
He on his patient beast the charmer seats
And with his gaze his artless love relates.
Her madd'ning glance his passion still augments,
The potent cause of future discontents,
When the misguided wretch awakens and repents!
Alternate bold and coy the treach'rous fair
Lures the fond victim doting to her lair:
There pleasing dalliance lulls the fatal hours,
He plaits her garlands of the various flow'rs;
Let Virtue now her feeble powers resign,
In am'rous bliss their humid lips conjoin.

What gath'ring forms amid the silent grove
Gape on his sleep and glimmer as they move?
Princes and Potentates, a fearful host,
Bid him beware who is already lost!
Behold their lips the warning accents frame!
Alas too late! he too partakes their shame!
Shrieking he wakes! the dismal scene reviews,
Then tells his tale to the reluctant Muse.

E. LEWIS.

Pope, I fear, would have read most of this week's entries with horror, and that not only because of finding his would-be imitators at work on such an unlikely and (to him) barbarously romantic theme. He would have been chiefly horrified by the general slovenliness of the versification. Even the best of our wits could profitably take a little more trouble with the actual mechanics of their verse. But a parody of Pope must at least be free from false quantities, short feet, redundant syllables, cockney and unstopped rhymes, and loose phrasing within the line. Pope, of all poets, would least likely have written *bower* as a di-syllable or rhymed *gone* with *forlorn*. Yet John A. L. Odde makes these slips in a poem which otherwise shows that he knows his model better than most.

Not everybody realized that Keats's language needs paring and trimming to fit the spirit as well as the tone of the Augustan couplet. Too many competitors were content merely to transfer his actual language bodily from the four line stanza. Thus even David Heathestone could write—

Yet palely loitering on the cold hill-side
Why wilt thou still so woebegone abide

—which is incongruous without betraying the faintest sign of Pope who in no circumstances could or would have used such phrase as "palely loitering" even if one agrees to pass "woebegone." Perhaps the most startling instance of imperfect understanding (whether of Keats or Pope the reader must judge for himself) occurred in the poem beginning—

I saw thee walk alone, Sir Knight,
Thy visage in disorder:
The grass has withered from the lake
No birds sing in its border.

The problem, however, was how Pope would have written "La Belle Dame" rather than how he would have rewritten it. E. Lewis deserves the prize though Coolidge Chapman would have fought every inch of the way if his entry had not reached the office twenty-four hours after the allotted time. These and the entries by Homer Parson, Arjeh, R. C. S., and Tom Henry were the best parodies of Pope's style. Not all of these, however, put Keats sufficiently out of mind. Mr. Parsons committed some deliberate anachronisms at the beginning of an otherwise striking entry, while Arjeh (who sent his MS. as if enclosed by Dean Swift in a letter to Stella) attempted to identify the figure of La Belle Dame with Dulness in place of Cibber. He wittily but disingenuously avoided the issue. Marshall Brice, H. H. Scudder and Claudius Jones also deserve mention.

The following imitation of "A Shropshire Lad" were held over from a recent competition.

Oh, blackbird called to blackbird,
And men rose up at morn,
And drift of blossom whitened
Upon the tangled thorn,
Or ever I was born.

As though for me the hedgerow
Put out a lovely bough,
As though the blackbird fluted
To cheer me at the plough,
These things delight me now.

Yet birds will make them merry
On many a newborn day,
And other hearts be lighter
For white-set thorns of May,
Long after I am clay.

PHOEBE SCRIBBLE.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

AGNOLO BRONZINO. His Life and Works. By ARTHUR MCCOMB. Harvard University Press. 1928. $7.50.

Agnolo Bronzino, most elegant of sixteenth century portraitists in Italy, has never been celebrated in English. There was room, then, for such a monograph as the Harvard University Press now presents in sumptuous form. Mr. McComb's essay, with its various appendices, is a model of sound academic procedure, with the positive merits and the limitations that this praise implies. Mr. McComb writes clearly and agreeably, if without pretensions to eloquence, marshals his facts chronologically, provides careful catalogues of paintings by the master and by close imitators, of the drawings and tapestries; and withal a full index. He adds considerably to earlier lists of Bronzinos and also makes critical eliminations therefrom. Of these rejections the most notable are that of the Marsyas, a spinet cover, at Leningrad, and that of the radiant portrait of a youth in the Frick Collection. The tentative suggestion of Salviati for such a masterpiece is unsatisfactory, but Mr. McComb seems right in denying it to Bronzino.

The many critical problems which make Bronzino an especially alluring figure are not even grazed. They remain a rich and unexploited field. His writings, Vasari's report of his moral degeneracy, have not interested the author, who thinks as a connoisseur and historian in the factual sense. Within these limits, the book is a good and useful one, and creditable to the scholarship of its writer. It is probably by an inadvertence of phrasing that in the conclusion such merely analogous artists as Moro, Pourbus, and Coello are made to seem derivative from Bronzino.

OLD WORLD MASTERS IN NEW WORLD COLLECTIONS. By *Esther Singleton*. Macmillan. $10.

Belles Lettres

THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING. By *H. G. Wells*. Doubleday, Doran.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. By *Havelock Ellis*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND HOMER. By *Charles Randall Hart*. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.

ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE. By *Henry Chester Tracy*. Dutton.

DIALOGUES AND MONOLOGUES. By *Humbert Wolfe*. Knopf. $2.50.

JOHN GAY'S LONDON. By *William Henry Irving*. Harvard. $6.

THIS UNCHANGING MASK. By *Francis Claiborne Mason*. Yale.

Biography

REMINISCENCES. By *Gen. John P. Hawkins*.

SIXTEEN AUTHORS FOR ONE. By *David Karsner*. Copeland. $2.50.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE. Edited by *René Fülop-Miller* and *Fr. Eckstein*. Macmillan. $7.

THE LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI TO HIS PUBLISHER, F. S. ELLIS. London: Scholartis Press (McKee).

JOHN WESLEY AMONG THE SCIENTISTS. By *Frank W. Collier*. Abingdon Press. $2.

A PIONEER TOBACCO MERCHANT IN THE ORIENT. By *James A. Thomas*. Duke University Press. $3.50.

LETTERS OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK. Edited by *Sir Frederick Ponsonby*. Macmillan. $8.50.

Fiction

MANY WATERS. By MARJORIE BARKLEY MCCLURE. Minton, Balch. 1928. $2.

When Mrs. McClure wrote, in "The Price of Wisdom," the story of how Terry married Nicolai Karanoff, we felt at its end that she was leaving the story only half-finished. It was so strange a mating, so fraught with elements of suspense, of danger, even of tragedy, that we wanted to see it worked out. Here, in "Many Waters," it is worked out. But for the information of readers who did not see the earlier book, it may be said that this one may perfectly well be read independently, since it recapitulates the necessary antecedent facts.

The Karanoffs have now been married for seven years. Their little Rosalind is six, the boy Nico a few years younger. Alice Speare is engaged to come as governess to Rosalind and companion to Mrs. Karanoff, and it is through Alice's eyes that we see the family problems unfold. These have several foci: Karanoff's sullen temper, and his dissidence from his wife's aim to bring her children up simply in spite of their great wealth; Terry's passionate love for her husband, her fear lest he discover her secret, and her uncertainty as to whether she ought to confess it; the return to their neighborhood of Dr. Field, whose friendship with Terry had once so displeased her husband; and Karanoff's strong objection to the comradeship of his Rosalind and Field's young son Norris.

All these elements are woven, before Alice's eyes, into a firm fabric of poignant human emotions. Into it she weaves her own little threads of affection for the children and devotion to Mrs. Karanoff. The youngsters grow up, Nico promising early to develop into a remarkable pianist, and Rosalind becoming a fine and gracious girl, absorbed in her love for her mother, and puzzled by her father's mercurial moods. When she meets Norris again, after they have been separated so firmly and mysteriously by her parents, their quickly blossoming love hastens a climax which can only mean tragedy for the whole family group. Why the two are not able to marry must be left for the reader to find out. But it may be said that the obstacle, which in another writer's hands might have been treated melodramatically, or at least unpleasantly, here attains both credibility and dignity. Indeed, the whole story, though it is packed close with sharply contrasted human passions, remains real and convincing. This book, with its predecessors, presents a highly colored, but never romanticized, canvas of living people. It shows its author as understanding, with clear insight and steady sympathy, the stuff that her characters are made of. This continuous growth in interpretative power through four novels marks her, it seems to us, as a novelist to be watched with interest.

DAY'S END AND OTHER STORIES. By H. E. BATES. Viking. 1928. $2.

American readers (and there must be a large number) who remember Mr. Bates's first book, "The Two Sisters," will perhaps be disappointed that his second is a collection of short stories; for the very slow phrase-by-phrase building up of theme that so beautifully served in the portrayal of the two sisters has scarcely time to be effective in very short sketches. Many of the stories in "Day's End" seem like suggestions for longer work. But the crystal-clear style is the same here as in the earlier book. Words, phrases, sentences slip into the whole without a ripple on the surface so completely and minutely does one fit into the next. The entire lack of emphasis which seems almost a cult with Mr. Bates gives one the impression of holding his breath from paragraph to paragraph. Waiting for a break in the sinuous style which nothing ever breaks causes paradoxically the same respiratory reaction as does the most vigorous thriller. The likeness to Katherine Mansfield shown in some of the pieces in "Day's End" is unescapable and in several cases regrettable. The title piece in the collection, on the other hand, is an excellent example of the author's own method. The dying of an old man is made to hold the reader for seventy-five pages,—pages of beauty where the strange clarity of style makes radiant the telling of the commonplace without by the fraction of a phrase falsifying it. "Day's End" is the notebook of a psychologist compiled by an artist.

LAFCADIO'S ADVENTURES. By ANDRE GIDE. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

"Les Caves du Vatican" is probably André Gide's most readable book. When Mr. Knopf first published it in 1925, under a somewhat misleading title, as "The Vatican Swindle," the English version nevertheless remained unnoticed and practically unread. Since then Gide has been much talked about both here and abroad, until last year his "Counterfeiters" enjoyed,—or suffered,—a very considerable *succès de scandale* as a result. Consequently Mr. Knopf has felt it worth while to reissue the earlier book under a new title, "Lafcadio's Adventures." Translation and content remain as before, and it will be amusing to see what difference a little publicity and a less combative though still unsatisfactory title will produce.

It may be taken as a somewhat bizarre mystery story, in which the suspense lasts not only up to but even beyond the end, or as a convenient frame work for a collection of Gide's pet theories. The most celebrated episode is the "unmotivated" murder committed by the hero, who pushes a fellow traveller out of the door of a railway carriage simply because it occurs to him that there is no reason for him to do so, and yet nothing to prevent it. This action has caused endless critical discussion in Europe, even leading to attacks on Gide as a profoundly immoral writer,—for Lafcadio is never punished for his crime. Most readers will prefer to accept the author's own description of the tale as a *sotie*, or kind of farce, and will not worry about its implications. The best of Gide is in the writing, a brilliant, moving surface, quick and unfailing characterization, continuous action, and above all the delightful, impossible names of his people. Whatever one may think of Gide, he is one of the most vital and influential masters of European prose at the present moment, and should undoubtedly be read more widely in America.

(*Continued on next page*)

Worthy of Being Added to Galsworthy's "Forsyth Saga"
Hendrick Van Loon says:
"Here within the pages of this book but for the mercy of God we walk ourselves. The book is in a class by itself, a human document poured into the form of a novel."
Mary Rennels in the New York Telegram says:
"This is a Dutch saga which at moments seems worthy of being added to Galsworthy's "Forsyth" and G. B. Stern's "Matriarch."
The N. Y. Times says:
"Not only an artistic achievement with great quality, but also a work which will make hundreds and thousands of people think."
THE REBELLIOUS GENERATION
JO VAN AMMERS-KULLER
"The Rebel Generation by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller, one of Holland's greatest writers, is a marvelous work.
Hansen in the N. Y. World says:
"One of those fine, well-rounded novels that reveals maturity of expression and thought, as well as pertinent story is The Rebel Generation, translated from the Dutch by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller. . . It is one of those captivating family novels that always finds delighted readers, abounding in characterization of the women of the family, with an accurate portrayal of their changing fashions."
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Points of View

"Old Pybus"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

When by some chance a decent book gets *into print why do you slam it?* In your issue of December 8 you say of Warwick Deeping's latest novel: "We submit that 'Old Pybus' is as immoral a representation of reality as the slimy imaginings of a deliberate pornographic dollar-snatcher."

Yet this book is distinguished simply by containing a forceful character sketch of one good man. Surely some of the others are bad enough to balance up. The plot, though slight, is sufficient for anyone with an unperverted taste, and several of the incidents are dramatic. Old Pybus, though a type all too rare, is not impossible. I know of at least two persons who are of the same self-sacrificing sort. So doubtless do you unless you associate exclusively with the kind of people you prefer in books. Or if you insist upon fictional characters is not Père Goriot as extreme a personification of parental affection? Would you also complain of Balzac as a Sunday School writer?

Probably Mr. Deeping's introduction of a few chapters of sex entanglement, contrary to his wont, was due to his desire to conform to the standards of literature promoted by *The Saturday Review*. On the same page you devote large space and special praise to a book containing as one incident the raping of a village-full of peasant women. Half a dozen pages further on you give nearly a column, without a word of criticism, to a novel of sex perversion in one of our leading women's colleges.

You may be right in agreeing with the tabloid press that evil is more interesting than goodness. But why knock it when, as obviously in this case, a decent character is made interesting? You may not want to "take the side of the angels" but why do you have to take the side of the devils so persistently?

EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

Washington, D. C.

"Old Pybus" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Discovered: A man who has the courage of his convictions; a man who is not afraid to debunk idealism. Or perhaps Mr. Robert B. Macdougall has recently commended too many books and has finally decided that the time is ripe for scourging. His review of "Old Pybus" in the December eighth issue of *The Saturday Review* must have some sinister force behind it, for it is one of the most scornful critical epistles ever written upon such slight provocation as a novel by Warwick Deeping. It would be too light an excuse to say that Mr. Macdougall's breakfast disagreed with him on the morning he wrote that review. His ire lies deeper than that. But then, he states that "we cannot complain of 'Old Pybus' because it exalts high-mindedness, intelligence, the Ten Commandments, and the Golden Rule"; and with those words sets about to condemn it for those very reasons. Perhaps Mr. Macdougall means what he says. Perhaps he is not averse to sentimentality but merely dislikes to read about it. There are people like that. They just hate to break down.

Mr. Macdougall has surely suffered no tears over "Old Pybus." He is impregnable. He begins by saying that "Mr. Deeping is not primarily a novelist." What, then, is he? Technically, he is a man who writes novels, or, a novelist. Figuratively, as Mr. Macdougall would have it, Deeping is rather a wholesale compiler of cheap sentimentalities, comparable with Eddie Guest, Bruce Barton, *et al.*

He condemns the "sloppy thinking and living" which bind young Lance to his grandfather, John Pybus. That "sloppy" bond happens to be a common love of literature, which has heretofore not been considered disgustingly saccharine. Witness that glorius triumvirate, Coleridge, Dorothy, and William Wordsworth, to which may be added, Charles Lamb. Shall we agree then with Mr. Macdougall that "Old Pybus" is a slushy book? Or shall we say that the theme is respectably healthy, and not near so immoral as the reviewer's apparent fear of honest sentiment?

The reviewer also pities "the men and women who see Mr. Deeping's world of sentimentality as a possibly obtainable world." But who will not agree that, in lieu of this world of ultra-ultraism, it is a happy thought to look longingly forward to a more constructively altruistic era?

Next, this embittered reviewer takes up the narrative, and still the sentiment obsesses him. He seems to think it a matter for indignant humor, and even wonder, that decency may sometimes be clothed in rags, and that a secure position in life may be sometimes held by one of meanly instincts. Why does such a possible, real theme so disgust Mr. Macdougall? John Pybus is a reasonable, as well as being a well drawn, character. Who will deny that the others are also well-pictured. Is it so unusual for successful children to scorn their less fortunate parents? Is it unusual for children to favor their grandparents? Mr. Macdougall's wrath is evidently caused by this very familiarity. *Because it is so common* he believes it to be soft subject-matter. The truth is, Warwick Deeping's pen is keen for any occasion, and he is not afraid at times to dip that pen into the inkwell of iniquity. He did not treat Lance Pybus's sex adventure "piously." He did not beat around the bush, nor did he fail to face the situation. But, best of all, he did not let it overwhelm him. And is not that the best way to look at sex running-wild? The healthy way, delicate? Not too sympathetic, neither too harsh?

More abuse follows. "Homespun philosophy is brought up on the carpet." Homespun philosophy! The food of the writers of another, a far back day, who wrote for their public. The writers whose works we are reading to-day!

The three instances of melodrama do not escape unnoticed: The destroying of Lance's novel manuscript by his deserted mistress; the violent death of Mary's blind brother, and the death of Old Pybus at the very end of the story. That last truly was unnecessary and crude. But if Mr. Macdougall is aroused by the melodrama here, what can he think of Soames Forsyte's fire in his picture gallery which concludes the "Swan Song"? In fact, there is plenty of material in the book for reasonable criticism. Mr. Macdougall could have elaborated interestingly upon the coincidences which he so stintingly mentions, had he not been so miserably blinded by fear of innocent, defenseless sentiment. There was the weak, but pleasant coincidence of Lance Pybus's meeting with Kit Sorrell at Oxford. Then the introduction of Kitty's ex-soldier husband at the riverside inn. The repetition of Mr. Deeping's "inn-porter" theme-complex is also rather dreary. If Mr. Deeping was striving for a sequence of novels why did he not make the links more familiarly pronounced instead of doing it half-heartedly and temptingly? Yes, there are points available from which to develop a review (since Mr. Macdougall insists on reviewing) without becoming so uncausedly bitter.

And now for the finale of this critical orgy. Mr. Macdougall states in a modest, indirect manner that he has the courage of *his convictions*; that he knows why he says, "This is trash." Well and good. But what are his reasons, aside from the fact that he has a distaste for simple realism? Let us use the form of his destructive concluding paragraph in our own way: here is righteous conservatism minus the disfiguring mask of involved psychology; here is a presentation, to the readers who appreciate cleanliness, of a story which is not so spotlessly clean that it discourages handling; and finally, here is a novel which, despite a few faults, is not entirely bad.

And though Mr. Macdougall defies any reviewer to recommend "an Old Pybus" or to explain its popularity, apparently the book requires no commendation. Those who read Mr. Deeping's former novels needed no great urging to undertake his latest. They figured that a writer who gave us Captain Sorrell, Fanny Garland, Kitty, and Arnold Furze, was not likely to make a sudden failure of "an Old Pybus." The praise belongs to the reading public, for it is evident that they do not all read the *American Mercury*, and that there are a few of us left who are not afraid to let our eyes moisten when we read "Evangeline," or when we hear the strains of "Hearts and Flowers."

FRED ROBERTS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Slip

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have been waiting for someone with more authority to point out Anna Hempstead Branch's slip in your issue of October 20th, in attributing Hadrian's "Animula vagula blandula" to Virgil; but I have too friendly a feeling toward the emperor to let his one poetic gem be taken from him without some protest. CARL THURSTON.

Tujunga, Calif.

Mr. or Miss?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

As the reviewer referred to in a letter from Priscilla Osborn, printed in your issue of December 15, I should like to say that so far as my calling Ethel Sidgwick "Mrs." rather than "Miss" is concerned I took the publisher's word for it. This statement may be corroborated by a glance at the front flap of the jacket on the Sidgwick novel.

Miss Osborn's statement that there was anything in my review which might have been taken to mean that I looked upon Miss Sidgwick—or is it "Mrs."?—as an imitator or follower of Margaret Kennedy, I take strong exception to. I tried to say in a passage meant to be ironical in some of its implications that there was some slight resemblance between "The Constant Nymph" and the Sidgwick novel, largely because of the fact that they both deal with the lives of families.

Neither of these two authors began the practice of using family inter-relations as themes for novels, of course. I say it again, without any trace of irony, that I did not have even the faintest or most remote suspicion that the Sidgwick novel was influenced by "The Constant Nymph."

I take it that what your correspondent most resented was the fact that in spite of my effort to read all the good books I had never got around to one of her favorites until you were kind enough to send me her latest book, which I liked very much indeed and tried very hard to write of with some sort of appreciation.

I'm sorry to have given pain to Miss Osborn. That's what believing in publishers blurbs—I write them, so I know—and trying to be ironical gets a fellow.

And should it be Miss or Mrs. Sidgwick? Let's have a word from the publishers on the subject.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

New York.

M. Faral in Error

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I beg to correct a serious error in today's review of my "Medieval Rhetoric and Poetic." The literary mode of Sidonius in the enconium of Theodoric, far from being original, or even distinctive, is strictly traditional; and the tradition is of cardinal importance in beginning the medieval history. When M. Faral, therefore, rules out my first chapter as irrelevant, bids me begin rather with a classical treatise active in the later Middle Age, and reasserts Sidonius, he ignores the bearing not only of recent American studies, but of the work of Boissier's pupils and Puech's, from Bornecque to Boulanger. That even M. Faral's contributions should thus have remained unrelated shows strikingly the need of the historical synthesis attempted by my book. To ask that the synthesis should be final, pretending to authority in all medieval literature, Latin and vernacular, is a strange misunderstanding. Rather it is offered toward that "connaissance plus large des choses" which at present needs above all the historical relation of studies too long pursued separately.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN.

Columbia University.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

TOO MUCH JAVA. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. Payson & Clarke. 1928. $2.50.

"Too Much Java"—the title holds a suggestion of coffee-brown romance and the story transplants us to colorful regions of South Africa, where English, Dutch, and Portuguese mingle with dusky natives, sometimes remembering, sometimes forgetting the boundaries of race. Translated from colloquialism to less vivid phrase, "too much java" means too much native, too much union of dark with white, but Mrs. Mordaunt has dealt with more than the marriage problem, and, while picturing and giving a quiet comment on the disaster of interracial marriages, she entrances us more with the color of her setting and the conflicts of her characters.

One meets some remarkably fine people in "Too Much Java"—Laura Hanson, the splendid heroine, Poetra, the handsome native prince, two sea captains, and an interesting old English woman with many weddings to her credit. The villainous and semi-villainous are presented, too, so that one does not derive an unjustified optimism concerning humanity from the tale; but still it is pleasant to find in contemporary fiction as one does in life itself, some truly admirable persons.

Mrs. Mordaunt's story is weakest at its outset, where awkward style and roundabout narrative hold the reader back; once under way, the story moves forcefully to a satisfactory close. Indeed there is something to be said for the way Mrs. Mordaunt ends her book, avoiding inane blissfulness or blank tragedy, achieving some sense of continuity.

With a setting few women novelists have attempted to use, "Too Much Java" will probably be subjected to critical comparisons. A conservative summary of such processes might be this: Mrs. Mordaunt has *not* the rhythm or the overwhelming mastery of a Conrad, but she does possess an unusually steady pen and an exceptionally balanced outlook on life which combine to make "Too Much Java" several points above the average in current fiction.

THE RED BRANCH. By CHARLES MCMORRIS PURDY. McBride. 1928. $2.

We have found difficulty in accepting the conduct of this novel's principal as that likely in such a man as John Panham is represented to be. He comes of rugged southwest stock, the two preceding generations having gained wealth in industry which John inherits on coming of age. Though of romantic nature a seeker of the adventurer's Red Branch, John continues for several years successfully to manage the family's business affairs. Then, at twenty-nine, a sober, strait-laced soul if there ever was one, he takes a trip to Europe and in Paris marries a Montmartre daughter of joy. He is well aware of what she is and apparently of what he is doing, but the sedate John utterly fails to qualify as the fellow to commit such an outrageous error as his marriage. At any rate, he brings her back home with him, the local citizens receiving her with the esteem due the eminent name of Panham, and John proceeds to experience a brief, precarious domestic felicity. When his wife inevitably dishonors him, and dies in bearing him another's child, after telling him the sorry truth, John benignly promises to rear the babe as his own son. Except for the earlier portion of the book, dealing with John's boyhood and first youth, the story is dominated by flagrant, hollow sentimentality.

HERE COMES THE BANDWAGON. By H. L. GATES. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

Stars of the Big Top Trapeze and their companions in circus life make this tale a diverting though not seriously artistic follower in the procession of novels that try to give the inside of show life. The absorbed reader will find here much of the suspense that lends thrill to a real trapeze performance and he will follow the veering fortunes of Tony and Charmian, Pim Pim, and the rival circuses to their happy end with no moments of boredom to mar his enjoyment; nor will the critic's justifiable accusation of triteness distress this interested reader in the least.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES. By H. C. MCNEILE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

A woman named Irma, desirous of avenging the death of her lover at the hands of Bulldog Drummond, hit on the plan of abducting Drummond's wife and making her the prize in one of the lately popular hidden treasure hunts. Drummond and his friends realized that Irma meant to murder the lot of them, of course; nevertheless they entered into the rather artificial spirit of the thing and ran all over England solving and following the clues Irma sent them, and dodging death by gas, water, falling stones, small arms and high explosive. In the end only a few innocent bystanders were slaughtered, Mrs. Drummond was rescued, and the deadly Irma escaped so that there might be another book.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By *Paul Feval* and *M. Lassey*. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $5.

PHANTOM IN THE WINE. By *Jean Stark*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

MANTIO. By *Ethelreda Lewis*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

THE KING'S REEVE. By *E. Gilliat*. Dutton. $2.50.

TUESDAYS AT TEN. By *Cornelius Weygandt*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

FICTION BY ITS MAKERS. Edited by *Francis X. Talbot*. America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York.

SHORT STORIES FROM *Vanity Fair*. Liveright. $2.50.

SIX MORAL TALES FROM JULES LAFORGUE. Translated by *Frances Newman*. Liveright. $2.50.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS. By *Victor Hugo*. Washburn.

(*Continued on page* 578)

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

M. V. G., Alton, Illinois, asks on behalf of a study-club, for suggestions for a course on the study of the modern drama, and one on the modern novel.

FOR the first, the best suggestions are embodied in Barrett Clark's "A Study of the Modern Drama" (Appleton), by which a club can spend as much time as it pleases, and to the best advantage, in the study and appreciation of plays from England, America, and the Continent for the last fifty years. If the club is interested in tracing the developing of the drama through the centuries from the beginnings of Greek tragedy to the latest types of expressionism, there is an admirable new book, "The Development of Dramatic Art," by Donald Clive Stuart (Appleton), that moves so swiftly as to keep a reader fascinated, if he began with ever so little interest in the subject. I see that I shall have occasion often to recommend this book; for instance, it should be added to the list I sent to *S. L., Vermilion, S. D.*, who is preparing a thesis on the symbolism of Eugene O'Neill. In this book is an analysis of "The Great God Brown" and a comparison with "Lazarus Laughed." It has a chapter on "The New Stagecraft," but the correspondent who lately asked me for a book on the Little Theatre in America will find far more of this material in Clarence Stratton's "Theatron" (Holt), a volume that should both gratify and inspire anyone with hopes of the drama as a force in American civilization. The great number of pictures, actual scenes from presentations in non-commercial theatres of the United States, is good evidence that there is really a new spirit abroad, vital and creative. It is not confined to such enterprises as the Playhouse in Cleveland—which lately took my breath away with a noble performance of Neumann's "The Patriot"—but may be seen even in school performances, several of which appear in this record. Altogether it is an exciting book. "The Story of the Theatre," by Glenn Hughes (French), is a history of stage presentation and the arts of the theatre in every important country and for every important period; it would be a fine idea to combine this with Professor Stuart's book for an extended course of study.

For the modern novel a book has just appeared that may have been prepared for clubs, at any rate nothing better has been given them for program or reference purposes. This is Annie Russell Marble's "A Study of the Modern Novel" (Appleton), which manages to get in more writers of fiction than one would have believed possible to arrange in these categories. It looks at first sight as if everyone who had written a novel in the English language were here, and as if Mrs. Marble had actually read all the novels she writes about—and if on closer acquaintance the choice is found to be somewhat more exclusive, the second conclusion remains as sound. I have had about as much experience with the expressed needs of study clubs as anyone in America (which means in the world, I suppose, this being the home of such organizations) and this book, I am convinced, is one that they need. Another that I can recommend to clubs is Grant Overton's "The Philosophy of Fiction" (Appleton), though the solitary reader may get quite as much from it, especially if he will bear in mind that he is "earnestly requested to read each novel himself before so much as glancing at the study of it in the ensuing pages." These pages, following a brief history of fiction and enunciation of principles, take groups of novels for comparative treatment.

A. W. P., Northfield, Vt., asks if a book called "How to Draw Cartoons" has been lately published, and asks for other books on this subject.

"HOW to Draw Funny Pictures: a Complete Course in Cartooning," by E. C. Matthews, was published this fall by Frederick J. Drake, Chicago, and costs three dollars. It has many illustrations by "Zim"; these with the instructions are graded from simple sketches to complete cartoons. "Practical Graphic Figures," by E. G. Lutz (Scribner), instructs in drawing figures for comics, advertisements, fashions, and other newspaper and magazine purposes.

A. F., Bloomfield, N. J., asks if the three Boyds, James, Thomas, and Ernest, are of one family, and of what relationship.

JAMES BOYD, author of "Drums" and "Marching On," was born in Dauphin County, Pa., in 1888; Thomas Boyd, author of "Through the Wheat," "The Dark Cloud," "Points of Honour," and "Samuel Drummond," was born in Defiance, O., in 1898; Ernest Boyd, the critic and translator, was born in Dublin in 1887.

N. H. M., Daisetta, Texas, asks what book will tell how to teach a dog tricks, tests, etc.

"ABOUT Your Dog," by Robert Lemmon (Stokes), has a chapter about tricks, and the subject is treated in several other parts of the work, which is a general handbook for the care and training of dogs, boys like it, I am told.

F. I. E., Louisville, Ky., asks for books to send a French cadet at St. Cyr to give him an idea of life at West Point. He reads English well.

MAJOR FARMAN, librarian at West Point, tells me that the best book describing life there is "West Point," by Richardson, published by Putnam in 1917. "Spirit of Old West Point," by Schaff, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1907, is also a very good book, but was written too long ago to contain much that is in Richardson's book. General Charles King's "Cadet Days" (Harper) gives a good view of West Point life in fiction form.

M. C. F., Maine State Library, Augusta, thinks that *E. H. F., Lynchburg, Va.,* will find "The Writing of Informal Essays," by Mary Ellen Chase and Margaret Eliot Macgregor (Holt), worth adding to the essay collection of the school library, since it is especially compiled for younger readers. *A. N., New York,* tells me that Knopf published Baron Corvo's "In His Own Image" and "Hadrian the Seventh" in 1925; the former "from English plates and on bad paper" and the latter "which is also great stuff, in the Blue Jade series. I reviewed both in the *New Republic Jan.* 30, 1926." *C. N. Compton, St. Louis Public Library,* tells the reader asking for novels about librarians and library life that he wrote an article on this subject that appeared in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for October, 1927. The famous firm of E. Joseph, Charing Cross Road, London, learning that I could not find a copy of "London Vanished and Vanishing," painted and described by Philip Norman (Black), which has two plates showing their former shop on old "Booksellers' Row," mailed me their own copy of this charming work—it has a vast number of watercolor reproductions of old houses now gone that were standing but a short time since—that I might see the pictures and return it at my convenience. This is a form of international loan of which I thoroughly approve, and my hearty thanks are hereby wafted to No. 48a Charing Cross Road.

T. A., Gainesville, Fla., to whom I lately recommended a book on modern art, now asks for one on modern music that will be as satisfactory as that one was.

THE one I prefer is Cecil Gray's "A Survey of Contemporary Music" (Oxford University Press), which takes the present-day composers of the left wing one by one; "The New Music," by George Dyson (Oxford), considers it from the standpoint of melody, rhythm, texture, and in relation to architecture. The storm-centre of modern music being apparently France, the sketches by G. J. Aubry in "French Music of To-day" are especially interesting; it is published by Kegan Paul but may be found in any large music-store. Some French composers and a number of Germans appear in Adolf Weissmann's "Problems of Modern Music" (Dutton), a review of the past twenty-five years. Paul Rosenfeld's "Musical Portraits" (Harcourt) has vivacious sketches of twenty composers and performers from Liszt to Ornstein.

E. R. N., Stamford, Conn., tells me of this edition and also of one published by Duffield, and that Bell is the English publisher. *V. B. B., Rossville, Kansas,* read several years ago a book about the manipulation of the money-market by money-changers, but cannot remember the title and thinks it was something like "Nothing but Money" or "Silver and Gold." This title range is too wide for me; does someone recall the book?

M. G., Philadelphia, Pa., says that upon my advice she gave her husband André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" as a birthday present and he has since bought seven copies for his friends; she now wants another book for this anniversary.

MY own choice for a book to follow Siegfried would be "Recent Gains in American Civilization" (Harcourt, Brace). As this is a symposium one cannot expect the steady current of Siegfried's narrative nor the unity of his style, but the differences in method of the dozen or more experts help to keep the reader's interest keen. The gains are discerned in government, business, industrial relations, education and the press, science and art, religion and the quest for peace; they are set forth in temperate and often tentative fashion, far from spread-eaglism. They are thus the more inspiring; by the time John Dewey sums up, one feels no temptation to belong to any other nation, however he may admit that there is still plenty of room for a reformer or two.

Though a quite different sort of book, I should like to see "On Wandering Wheels," by Jan and Cora Gordon (Dodd, Mead), follow "America Comes of Age." It is a travel-story of the light-hearted, clear-sighted sort to which their reports on France and Albania have accustomed us. Now these English authors come to the States, buy a small car, and tour in characteristic American fashion, taking their chances with the crowd from Bar Harbor to Savannah and from Atlanta around by Pittsburgh. I have not covered all the ground traversed by the "Happy Hearse," but being a lecturer with many return engagements I have gone over enough of this territory, rather more carefully than most travelers, to convince me that this is a trustworthy report of everyday life in the Eastern part of our country. The pictures were made on the spot and are as unconventional as the text.

B. S., Columbus, O., asks for a handy guide for a visit to New York City.

THE standard work is "Rider's Guide to New York City" (Macmillan), a noble companion that I never can keep because someone is always borrowing it. "New York in Seven Days," by Helena Dayton and Louise Barrett (McBride), brief as befits its title, frankly meets the popular interest in shops, restaurants, shows, and sights; a jolly little book. McBride publishes a paper guide for a quarter, too. The guide-book I am just now enjoying has been made, quite unconsciously, by the pupils of the Lincoln School, in "City Stories" (Macmillan). I like this school, and considering that its chief playground is directly under my window, this is praise indeed. Their play is charming to watch; their stately building is just across my park, and all the places they describe in this book are at present my places. For the children made the book as the result of explorations about the city; its fire-houses (and one first-class fire), docks, markets, post-offices, elevateds and subways. There is something curiously moving in the view of skyscrapers from the bay on the colored jacket, or the bridge across the end-papers, both from the paint-boxes of eager children. The last page urges children in other cities to make similar explorations, and I hope they do.

WEEK OF JANUARY 7

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from page 576*)

MAKERS OF A NEW NATION. By *John Spencer Bassett*. Yale University Press.

AMERICAN IDEALISM. By *Luther A. Weigle*. (The Pageant of America.) Yale University Press.

IN DEFENSE OF LIBERTY. By *William Wood* and *Ralph Henry Gabriel*. (The Pageant of America.) Yale University Press.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF ITALIAN HUMANISM. By *Ferdinand Schevill*. Crofts. 65 cents.

HISTORY OF OLD ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA. By *Mary G. Powell*. Richmond: Byrd. $5.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE. By *Charles H. Rammelkamp*. Yale. $7.50.

THE STORY OF GREECE AND ROME. By *J. C. Robertson* and *H. G. Robertson*. Dutton. $1.55.

OUR OWN TIMES. By *Harrison C. Thomas* and *William A. Hamm*. Macy-Masius-Vanguard. 50 cents.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA. Vol. III. Turks and Afghans. Edited by *Lt. Col. Sir Wolseley Haig*. Macmillan.

THE RISE OF THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT IN AMERICA. By *Oliver Wendell Elsfree*. Williamsport, Pa.

INDIAN CULTURE THROUGH THE AGES. By *S. V. Venkatesent*. Longmans, Green. $5.

International

THE NEW MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA. By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS. Century. 1928. $3.

The title which Dr. Gibbons chooses to give his book on South America must not, of course, be taken too literally. There are no new territorial changes in the neighboring continent to justify it; it is merely a publisher's device to take advantage of the public's familiarity with Dr. Gibbons's volumes of similar title, published since his "The New Map of Europe," which appeared in 1914.

The present book covers all of the South American republics, the islands under European control, such as Trinidad, etc., and adds chapters on the Monroe Doctrine and Pan Americanism. It is, in fact, contemporary history—the outstanding economic, political, and social facts of the dozen or so countries. The attitude of the various governments toward the Great War; such matters as Argentine's disinclination to accept the hegemony of the United States; Peru's energetic effort, under President Leguia, to put down disease and improve communications; Bolivia's difficulties, shut away from the sea on the cold top of the world, to develop her mineral riches so that she herself may get something out of them; Chile's admirable efforts in making the most of her various opportunities—these and many other matters are touched on.

Dr. Gibbons criticizes the United States for lack of tact, but is far from accepting the gloomy views of the typical anti-imperialist. In general, he takes a safe middle-line, soft-pedalling the bitterly controversial, and sticking, on the whole, to objective facts. The book is a convenient ready-reference for travellers, or for those wishing to brush up on present-day conditions in the various countries.

AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1928. By *Charles P. Howland*. Yale University Press. $5.

FASCISM: A CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY. By *Milford W. Howard*. Revell. $2.

ASPECTS OF ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS. By *K. Capper Johnson*. Yale University Press. $2.

STATE AND SOVEREIGNTY IN MODERN GERMANY. By *Rupert Emerson*. Yale University Press. $3.50.

THE NEW FASCIST STATE. By *Edwin Ware Hullinger*. Henkle. $2.50.

LIBERTY UNDER THE SOVIETS. By *Roger N. Baldwin*. Vanguard. 50 cents.

FAR EASTERN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By *Hosea Ballou Morse* and *Harley Farnsworth MacNair*. Shanghai: Commercial Press.

THE PEACE PACT OF PARIS. By *David Hunter Miller*. Putnams. $3.

THROUGH ENGLISH EYES. By *J. A. Spender*. Stokes. $2.50.

Juvenile

The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

DOCTOR DOLITTLE IN THE MOON. Told and illustrated by HUGH LOFTING. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

We understand that "Doctor Dolittle" is the favorite younger person's fiction in England today. This is the eighth volume concerning him. His character, created in narrative and illustration by Hugh Lofting, has taken American children by storm. One volume of his adventures after another has followed up his initial success.

To the present reviewer this latest story of the famous doctor creaks somewhat and runs pretty thin. Most of the illustrations are more careless and uninteresting than former work. The various phenomena furnished by vegetable life upon the moon rather pall. In fact, we found the story somewhat tedious.

Probably the main run of children will not agree with us. Everything in the book is easy to follow, and the conversations of the characters are so serious concerning their predicament that the illusion, for children, will be quite definitely preserved. The average child has very little sense of humor, or it is of the most rudimentary kind. Far cleverer, more original work, with more artfully worked-out detail would probably go over its head. Doctor Dolittle and his secretary and animal friends land on the moon from the back of a giant moth. Accept that and you at once accept everything and enjoy their journey of discovery, concerning which no great feats of the imagination are accomplished. Hugh Lofting knows his audience, he makes his episodes simple enough to be readily grasped. To us the present work is quite insipid cambric tea. It lacks the richness of certain of his former inventions. But children are traditional, and once they have whole-heartedly accepted an author they will go on reading him for a long time. As a child we could only read one or two of the Henty books, for the story—aside from the setting—was too nearly the same in each case. Yet boys that we knew devoured tons of those volumes. For Hugh Lofting and Dr. Dolittle we may, however, with sincerity wish a new source of energy. It won't do to let his series simply run on initial impetus. Too much good work has gone into some of the earlier books. The present one seems a bit tired.

Miscellaneous

THE COAT OF ARMS, CREST, AND GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By *Leonard Wilson*. San Diego, Calif.: Maw, 1054 Sixth Street. $1.25.

A HISTORY OF PATHOLOGY. By *Esmond R. Long*. Williams & Wilkins. $5.

THE NEW DAY. By *Herbert Hoover*. Stanford University Press. $3.

SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES IN THE REVELS ACCOUNTS. By *Samuel A. Tannenbaum*. Columbia University Press. $15.

INDIAN AFTER-DINNER STORIES. By *A. S. P. Ayyar*.. Bombay: Taraporevala.

THE STEPPE AND THE SOWN. By *Harold Peake*. Yale University Press. $2.

LIVING WITH THE LAW. By *June Purcell Guild*. New Republic. $1.

PLATE DINNERS FOR THE BUSY WOMEN. By *Mabel Claire*. Greenberg. $1.50.

FARM PRODUCTS IN INDUSTRY. By *George M. Rommell*. Henkle. $3.50.

PISTOL AND REVOLVER SHOOTING. By *A. L. A. Himmelwright*. Macmillan. $4.

SPAIN AND SPANISH AMERICA IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARIES. Berkeley: University of California Library.

CHILDREN'S TOYS OF BYGONE DAYS. By *Karl Gröber*. Stokes.

THE OLDEST LONDON BOOKSHOP. By *George Smith* and *Frank Benger*. London: Ellis.

DESERT MAVERICKS. By *Eve Ganson*. Santa Barbara, Calif.: Hebberd.

DOMESTIC DISCORD. By *Ernest R. Mowrer*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

PANORAMA OF THE WORLD'S LEGAL SYSTEMS. By *John Henry Wigmore*. St. Paul.: West. 3 vols. $25.

THE MUSICAL PILGRIMS: SCHUBERT, by *A. Brent-Smith*. TCHAIKOVSKY, by *Eric Blom*. BEETHOVEN, by *A. Forbes Milne*. MENDELSSOHN, by *Cyril Winn*. MOZART'S STRING QUARTETS, by *Thomas F. Dunhill*. SCHUBERT, I, The Symphonies, by *A. Brent Smith*. SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS, by *J. A. Fuller Maitland*. HANDEL'S ORATORIA, "THE MESSIAH," by *E. C. Bairston*. Oxford University Press.

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER. By *Hendrik Van Loon*. Liveright. $3.50.

PROHIBITION STILL AT ITS WORST. By *Irving Fisher*, assisted by *H. Bruce Brongham*. Alcohol Information Committee, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CAREERS FOR WOMEN. By *Doris E. Fleischman*. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

CITIZENSHIP AND THE SURVIVAL OF CIVILIZATION. By *Sir George Newman*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

A DECADE OF RURAL PROGRESS. Edited by *Benson Y. Landis* and *Nat. T. Frame*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

FIVE DOGS AND TWO MORE. By *Sir Timothy Eden*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

INCOMES AND LIVING COSTS OF A UNIVERSITY FACULTY. Edited by *Yandell Henderson* and *Maurice R. Davie*. Yale University Press. $2.

IS THIS WILSON? By *Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott*. Dutton. $2.

GROWTH. By a group of Authors. Yale University Press. $3.

THE BOOK OF ENGLISH LAW. By *Edward Jenks*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

FALSEHOOD IN WAR-TIME. By *Arthur Ponsonby*. Dutton. $2.

THE INVESTMENT TRUST SERVICE OF LIFE INSURANCE. By *Albert G. Borden*. Crofts. $1.50.

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The Fashion of Collecting

FROM the beginning of time, there have been fashions in all things. The Hebrew patriarchs cultivated beards and large families; the Middle Ages took up crusades as exercises in spirituality; and the ladies of the early nineteenth century had a weakness for fainting fits. And even within the memories of present-day book collectors, family libraries were invariably made up of sets nicely arranged in rows of uniform bindings, Grote's "History of Greece" in ten volumes, the collected works of Prescott, Motley, and Parkman rambling along over whole sections of shelves, while George Eliot, Hawthorne, and Edgar Allan Poe added a note of grace and lightness in a remote corner. Readings used to be taken seriously, transformed into a business of mind-cultivation, or made an attempt towards moral, social, and economic improvement that reflected great credit upon everyone. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin, in the modern world, would find themselves crying aloud in vain: no one would bother to hear them. The Novel with any Purpose (other than that of investigating some sexual aberration) would be without meaning as a method of calling attention to abuses or errors; only the faithful few who were quite aware of the evil in the first place, and entirely powerless to act under any circumstances, would ever trouble themselves to discover its message.

Book-collecting, unfortunately, is fashionable at the present moment. In the past, Edmund Malone was regarded as a slightly demented, although harmless, gentleman when, in 1805, he paid William Ford, a Manchester bookseller, £25 for the 1593 "Venus and Adonis," the single copy known of that, the first, edition. In 1911, the Huth copy of Bacon's "Essayes," 1597, an entirely perfect copy with the original blank leaf marked "A" before the title-page, failed to interest either Mr. Morgan or Mr. Huntington. And the poor, deluded souls who listened to Lewis Carroll's request to send back to the publishers their copies of the 1865 "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" must certainly be gnashing their teeth forever in a manner reminiscent of Dante. Wo could have imagined in the simpler past that such a mania for collecting was about to attack the generations brought up on Richard Harding Davis and Winston Churchill? Or who could have foreseen a public scrambling for first impressions, and taking a passionate interest in the color of end-papers? The *Publishers' Weekly*, in a recent issue, alludes with an unusual degree of asperity to the demand on the part of ordinary readers for almost guaranteed first editions; and even the publishers themselves are, in many cases, politely including a bibliographical note somewhere on the back of title-pages for the benefit of those persons who want exact information. There is an increasing sense of bewilderment concerning the identity of purchasers of thirty-fourth printings, and fifty-eighth thousands.

There is no one definite reason for the spread of book-collecting, or for its apparently overwhelming popularity. Libraries have always existed in private homes, and certain men in each century have always desired to possess certain books. But why books, instead of eighteenth century engravings or postage stamps, should for the present day have achieved such a position of importance is entirely a matter of theory and speculation. In the spring of 1916, a college undergraduate with few ideas of books and no perceptions worth considering, bought five copies of the current limited edition of John Masefield's "Sonnets" that Macmillan had just brought out; his idea, as he explained to an incredulous world of sceptics, was to hold the books as an investment, and sell them eventually for the enormous profit his bookseller had assured him would be his. It is possible, of course, to accept the "good investment" theory for whole truth and pass on, but while it may explain the attraction of collecting for one group of purchasers, it in itself seems the lowest type of reason to bring forward.

Another cause may lie, perhaps, in the fact that general attention has been called to collecting by means of gossipy volumes dealing with the "color" of buying books in old, out-of-the-way shops. Human beings, in spite of experience, can never learn to distrust hope in any of its forms, and if one person has succeeded, one hundred more invariably feel that they, too, can duplicate—probably improve upon—the given instance of success. It all sounds so delightfully simple—a walk through almost any part of London or New York—three or four volumes in a dusty window—and the explorer emerges with a 1903 "Dynasts," or a "Chance" with the correct title-page. Such things may have happened, but little good is done by proceeding to write a book on the subject filled chiefly with enthusiasm and anecdotes. For whatever else it may be, book-collecting is not consistently picturesque: it requires constant work, constant self-education in bibliography, and a capacity for learning from mistakes that is not given to every one. And nothing more completely gives away a collector influenced by fashion than his ignorance of the contents of those books making up his library; he must know at least something of his authors, or else expose himself to the scorn, expressed or implied, of each person whom he tries to impress with his possessions. Any number of evenings in the libraries of Miss Lowell and Mr. Wise will not make up for an initial failure to read for one's self.

General book-collecting, apparently, must be accepted as another part of modern life, even though its explanation is nearly impossible to find. But such acceptance, or such admission, of popularity in no way lessens the responsibility of each individual collector to be intelligent in his own field, and to know both its writing and its bibliography—followers of fashion for its own sake need never expect to have either themselves or their pretensions taken seriously.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Anderson Galleries.

January 7-10, 1929. The Library of Jerome Kern, Part One—A-J. This, the most important sale of the present season in every way, will be reviewed at length later. The catalogue is a superb piece of work, fully illustrated and annotated, and entirely up to the standard of the volumes it contains.

Lyric Printing

FIFTY ROMANCE LYRIC POEMS. Now collected and translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON. Designed by BRUCE ROGERS. New York: Crosby Gaige. 1928.

I HAVE had occasion before to refer to that small shelf of perfect books which one collects, if not at his bed-head, then near at hand, from out the general run of books from year to year. Here comes one slipping into that sanctuary—a trim and comely one. It is tall and small, the pages turn easily, everything about it is at ease with every other thing. This is as it should be. The romances are *au temps jadis:* all discord and turmoil are far behind, and all the sweetness and joy are left. If there were no girls in the world there would be neither beauty nor tempest; but the tempest passes and the beauty stays. Something of this beauty—much of it—though this may all be the reviewer's rhapsody, not, possibly, deliberately the printer's purpose—inheres in this fine little book. It is good to own and read, very good to give to one's inamorata. Nine hundred copies have been printed on all rag paper, and nine (named, I presume, not numbered) on green paper—to infuriate the poor in pocket, for the book is published by Crosby Gaige and is probably frightfully expensive. But whether you buy white or green, you get signatures by wholesale. Will not so much paraphernalia raise the question as to who owns the book, anyway? Where will Astrophel find space to write his sonnet, and will Stella, one wonders, look with cool detachment on three signatures in one tender volume, two of them thrown in for luck by the publisher? No, it had been better to leave off the em-

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bellishments, and permit the volume to take its place with other charmers by reason of the clear and simple perfection of its parts.

R.

Some Recent Issues

CABELLIAN HARMONICS. By WARREN A. MCNEILL. New York: Random House. 1928.

I HAVE said something in a review of Merrymount Press books about Scotch Roman type—and here is a book which illustrates that reference by its use of a face of that type which is less happily designed, and, furthermore, is printed on paper far too rough and coarse to be used with such type. There is a very fine title-page. The attempt "in this book to solve some of the hidden meanings in Mr. Cabell's romances" left one reader with an insatiable longing for the limpid stories of the Arabian Nights, or for a commentator like Burton!

R.

ACROSS THE GULF

THIS is the record of a short journey through Yucatan, with a brief account of the ancient Mayan civilization. It is written by Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, who has also made the black and white illustrations, and designed the "Alderbrink" type in which the book has been set at the Alderbrink Press. I wish that there were a little less of the amateur about the whole book; it is admirable to write, illustrate, design the type, and set up a book, but Mr. Seymour has now been at the business of design long enough to make pictures a little less muddy than those in the book. They are well conceived and might well have been sharper and clearer. Possibly the fault is in the excessively rough paper, which necessitated overinking of both type and pictures.

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Still Leaping A Deer-Like Leap into the Heart of America

The Inner Sanctum felt jubilant when the official best-seller reports for the month of December showed *Bambi, A Life In The Woods*, third on the fiction list for the entire country, with the 95th thousand on its way from the printers . . . .

It felt even better when ABBÉ DIMNET'S new book, *The Art of Thinking* continued its geometric progression from the shelves of the dealers and captured two more memberships in THE-THOUSAND-COPIES-A-WEEK-CLUB . . . . when *The Story of Philosophy* and *Trader Horn* and *Theresa* and *Show Girl* and the interminable *Cross Word Puzzle Books* [this is positively the last time they will be mentioned this year] ended the season in a redoubled blaze of glory . . . .

Well, such was the elation in *The Inner Sanctum* until E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, the HENRY FORD of Literature, came to town from Girard, Kansas, and made these polychromous, rainbow-dimming and infinitely effulgent sales figures look as drab as so much lead pipe by giving some of his own totals for the Little Blue Books: Last week, they sold at the rate of 6,000 sets, or 360,000 copies, a day!

More than that, E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS is the author of a new book entitled *The First Hundred Million*—and that has sold almost a thousand copies to date—precisely 967, to be specific—making a grand total of 967,000,000,000 Little Blue Books glorified by *The Inner Sanctum*.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE December selection of the Detective Story Club, located at Eleven East Forty-fourth street, was "Enter Sir John," by *Clemence Dane* and *Helen Simpson*, both well-known novelists. The book is published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. . . .

Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Connecticut, has brought out the debate between *Chesterton* and *Shaw*, originally published for the Distributist League of Little Essex Street, London. In this debate *Hilaire Belloc* was in the chair. The arguments of Chesterton and Shaw are not reproduced in toto, as this is something less than a verbatim report. The main argument was really as to whether socialism or individualism was the best remedy for the faults of capitalism. . . .

We learn from England that *Sax Rohmer*, who has written so many Eastern mystery stories, is now undertaking a Life of the great Caliph of Bagdad, *Haroun al Raschid*. He ought to be able to do it with more than Oriental splendor. . . .

A Californian writes us:

> If you are starting a list of magazines that deal peculiarly with contributors you might add the otherwise eminently respectable *The Arts*. I sent them a manuscript last June, and, on writing in August to ask what had become of it, received a non-committal reply to the effect that the editor was out of town. After waiting two months more without any further word, I wrote again to ask definitely for the return of the manuscript, and this time received no reply whatsoever. Three weeks or more ago I set down these facts in a personal letter to Mr. Watson, which he has not bothered to answer.

Owing to close personal relationship this column must forebear extended comment upon the recent death of *Elinor Wylie*, poet, novelist, and great and beautiful spirit,—save to say that her death came suddenly as she would have wished it, that she went from life as heroically as she had lived it. A new volume of poems by her, written in England, had been finally prepared for the press the day before she died. Under the title of "Angels and Earthly Creatures" it will be published in the near future by Alfred A. Knopf. . . .

Charles Malam, the young Vermont poet whose first book of verse, "Spring Plowing," was published several months ago by Doubleday, Doran, has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship appointment to Oxford for the State of Vermont. He is already at Oxford studying the field of the English Novel under a fellowship awarded him for his excellent record at Middlebury College from which he graduated last June. . .

Jessica Nelson North writes us that after February she is to edit *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* all by herself. *Miss Harriet Monroe*, the editor, is going abroad. *Morton Zabel*, a young professor from Loyola University, will be Miss North's assistant. . . .

In England the Seizin Press is a new and interesting venture. Their plan is "to print necessary books by various particular people," a policy that sounds rather vague. However Seizins One, Two, Three, and Four are now announced. Orders for Seizin One, "Love as Love, Death as Death," *Laura Riding's* first book of poetry since "Voltaire" and "The Close Chaplet," and subscriptions for Seizins Two, Three and Four, which are, respectively: "An Acquaintance with Description," a new essay by *Gertrude Stein*; "Poems, 1929," by *Robert Graves*; and "No Trouble," letters written to friends by *Len Lye* while working on his film "Tusalava," should be addressed to The Seizin Press, 35A, St. Peter's Square, Hammersmith, London. The price of numbers One and Two is half-a-guinea each, of number Three, eight and six; of number Four, seven and six. . . .

Alfred H. P. Sayers, who has had wide experience as a bookseller and librarian in Chicago has become connected with the Washington Book Shop at 1012 Rush Street, Chicago. . . .

Early in December the Missouri Historical Society installed in Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, the most extensive exhibition of *Mark Twain* letters, manuscripts, books, and relics ever brought together in one collection. This special loan exhibit will continue until February, 1929. *Cyril Clemens* of Webster Groves is responsible for a valuable collection of Mark Twain letters, and *Clara C. Gabrilowitsch*, daughter of Mark Twain, has sent as much as she could to the exhibition. . . .

The Book Club of California announces to its members the publication of Poems by *Robinson Jeffers*, with an Introduction by *B. H. Lehman*. This publication is issued in a limited edition of 310 copies, designed and printed by The Grabhorn Press, San Francisco. Each copy is autographed by the author and contains as a frontispiece a photographic study of Robinson Jeffers by *Ansel E. Adams*. The book is printed in black and red from Goudy Modern type, hand-set, on Van Gelder paper, and is bound in dark green buckram. The price is eight dollars per copy, boxed, and is for sale only to members of the Club. . . .

The Gotham Book Mart sells at five dollars "Anathema! Litanies of Negation," by *Benjamin De Casseres*, which bears a lengthy foreword by *Eugene O'Neill*. The book was printed at the Stratford Press from typography arranged by *S. A. Jacobs*. It retails at five dollars. . . .

The Golden Book, we see, has changed to a larger format, and so has the *Forum*, and so has the *Review of Reviews*. We wonder why. Speaking for ourselves, when we read a magazine we like it to be a fairly small one, and not a weight on our hands. Today such magazines, worth reading, are difficult to find. There seems to be a fascination to publishers and editors about the big, wide, flat "book" (as it is called in magazine parlance). . . .

The Carmina of *Caius Valerius Catullus*, now first completely Englished into Verse and Prose, the metrical part by *Captain Sir Richard F. Burton*, and the prose portion, introduction, and notes explanatory and illustrative by *Leonard C. Smithers*; including the Latin text of Catullus, has been privately printed in an edition strictly limited to 750 numbered copies for subscribers only, and is referred to us as an item by *C. Gerhardt*, Bookseller, 15 West 44th Street. Boxed, it sells for $12.50 net. There are eight full page plates of which seven are from original designs by *Eli Jacobi*. . . .

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following periodicals: *The Tanager*, a bi-monthly Review published at Grinnell, Iowa, by the English department of Grinnell college and devoted mainly to the work of younger mid-western writers (though it has included the work of such well-known authors as *Carl Sandburg, Ruth Suckow, Lew Sarett*, and *James Norman Hall*); *Troubadour*, a magazine of verse issued every third fortnight by the Troubadour Press, Box 718, San Diego, California; *Palms*, upon which we have often commented, edited by *Idella Purnell* and now published by *John M. Weatherwax* in Guadalajara, Mexico. It has adopted a larger format; *Steps*, a literary magazine published at the University of Pittsburgh; *Outsiders*, whose format is modelled on that of *transition*, and which is an experimental attempt to encourage the work of younger, unknown writers, though unfortunately it bears no address of any kind to which we can refer the reader; *Salient*, continuing *The Figure in The Carpet*, published monthly by New School for Social Research at 465 West Twenty-Third Street; *The Year Book of the Poetry Society of South Carolina*, 1928, edited at Charleston, S. C. by *Josephine Pinckney* and others, notably *John Bennett*; *The Book of the Rhymers' Club*, number 49, published at intervals at Guardian Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and notable for the work of *Ted Robinson* and *John French Wilson*; *Frontier*, a magazine of the Northwest, published in November, January, March and May at the State University of Montana, Missoula; *The Palimpsest*, published monthly at Iowa City by the State Historical Society of Iowa; *The Stratford Magazine*, a periodical for creative readers edited by *Henry T. Schnittkind* and published by The Stratford Company, Boston; and *Prefaces, Book News and Reviews*, published quarterly by the New Dominion Bookshops, Charlottesville, Virginia, and edited by *Gordon Lewis*.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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by John Arnold

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